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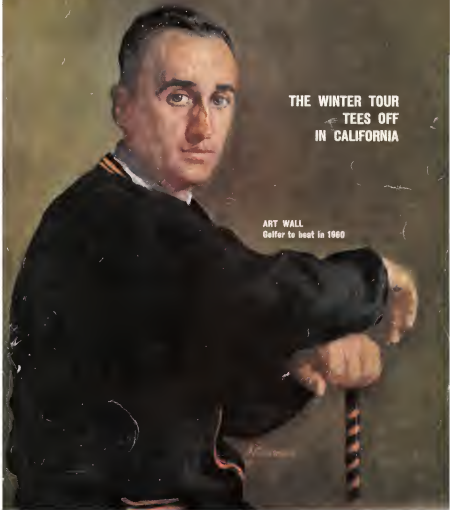
JANUARY 18, 1960

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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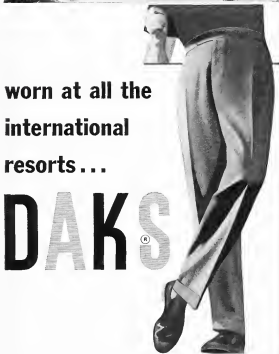
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Golf's leading money-winner during 1959, the performance from Pennsylvania is favored to dominate the action on the winter circuit. For a preview of the season, turn to page 38.

Painting by Bert Silverman

## Next week



▶ With intimate, unobtrusive camera, Photographer Jerry Cooke records the life of Florida's citizens at play in the wintertime, from hockey in the park to sunbathing

▶ A report on the comeback of High Jumper John Thomas, now recovered from his foot injury, in the first big meet of this Olympic year—the Boston K. of C. Games.

▶ The ancient Indian art of yoga is becoming increasingly popular in the West. A former Delhi correspondent and student of yoga, Joe David Brown, tells what it really is.

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## MEMO from the publisher

IN THE Olympic Winter Games at Cortina in 1956, the first the Russians ever entered, their performance was remarkable. Summarizing it after Russia beat the U.S. for the gold medal in ice hockey, Andre Laguerre wrote (SI, Feb. 13, '56): "The hockey success consecrated Russia's victory at the Games, which is definite by any system of point counting (six gold medals to Austria's four, 16 medals of all kinds to 11 for Austria)."

As we know, in theory, countries do not win Olympic Games; performers do. But, in fact, attention at the Games focuses as much upon nations as upon individuals. For better or worse, that's the way it is.

So, inevitably, as the VIIIth Olympic Winter Games at Squaw Valley approach, Russia draws attention, which can be called at the least considerable, not only for her performance the last time out but for her performance whenever she has competed in recent years. Russia's international records are as simple and definite as statistics and speak for themselves; behind them lies a broader but national story of the place of sports in the modern daily life of Russia.

It is a story which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED documented more than two years ago (SI, Dec. 2, '57) when Photographer Jerry Cooke, after a summer tour of the U.S.S.R., reported in words and 16 color pages the sports phenomena he discovered and explored. The article, among the most important SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has ever published, defined the Soviet

Union's tremendous drive for fitness and world supremacy in sports and revealed, through the activities of the average citizen, the state of mind and body (perhaps it should be called state of state) which motivates it. One part, in 1957, could not be pictorially presented. For that Cooke returned to Russia last winter. Next week in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED his color photographs add this chapter—on Russian sports in winter as the Soviet



JERRY COOKE IN RUSSIAN WINTER

citizen pursues them. It is not an Olympic story, except for its timely implications; but it is part of a story no less important than the Olympics themselves.

In connection with that story, which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be following closely from now to the end of the Games, Roy Terrell in this issue reports on the U.S. Olympic Alpine team tryouts at Aspen, Colo.

*Arthur Murphy*

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# BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE EAST

As the '89-'90 season rolled toward the mid-term exam break, the East had two of the nation's four major unbeaten teams—and both came from Philadelphia. Villanova, continuing to sparkle with Sophomore Hubie White in the lineup, ran over Duquesne 87-65 and Muhlenberg 74-46 to run its string to nine, while Dadey Moore's LaSalle veterans beat Canisius 82-68, Duquesne 68-65 for eight in a row. Temple also looked good, outscored Pitt 82-74, Lafayette 82-70.

St. Joseph's, perhaps the best team in the Philadelphia area, was not so fortunate. Fresh from a satisfying 82-77 win over St. John's, the Hawks couldn't handle Seton Hall, lost 89-88 when sophomores Art Hicks and Hank Gunter scored 45 points between them, controlled both boards.

The chase was on in the Ivy League, and Dartmouth, back in its own class, began to look as good as it was expected to be. Thriving on Chuck Kaufman's outside pops and Gary Vandeweghe's corner shooting, the Indians trounced Cornell 77-59, threw up a tenacious zone defense to hold off an improved Columbia team 84-78. But the Big Green may well cast a wary eye at Brown, which ousted past Penn 63-62, Princeton 79-61.

NYU cracked Navy's zone defense in the second half, won 69-61; Army, enjoying its best season in years, got by Calgate 91-86 and Fordham 74-59. The top three:

1. NYU (9-0)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (9-0)
3. VILLANOVA (9-0)

## THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten title may have been decided when big, rambunctious Ohio State won a 94-95 cliffhanger from Indiana. Larry Siegfried's sheer jump shot in the closing seconds was the margin. The Hoosiers, upset earlier by Northwestern 61-57, managed to contain State's Jerry Lucas but became singularly ineffective against Ohio's zone press. At week's end, preseason co-favorite Indiana moved deeper into the Big Ten cellar. Michigan State beat Michigan easily 89-58, and Purdue drubbed Wisconsin 99-69 to share the lead with the Buckeyes.

Chicasso's Oscar Robertson was running up against the usual trick defenses, but college basketball's most talented scorer turned feeder, passed often enough to lead the Bearcats safely past Wichita 76-69 and Tulsa 83-50. Bradley had its own troubles with Tulsa, was forced into a full-court press before winning 71-58,

then edged Wichita 71-70 while St. Louis was beating Houston 76-46, North Texas State 75-65.

Kansas State and Iowa State shared the early lead in the Big Eight; Notre Dame beat Detroit 75-63; Marquette defeated Louisville 61-57. The top three:

1. GONNORATH (12-0)
2. BRADLEY (10-1)
3. OHIO STATE (9-2)

## THE SOUTH

There was still no stopping Georgia Tech in the Southeastern Conference. The busy Yellow Jackets took on defending champion Mississippi State, whacked the sophomore-heavy Maroons 82-60 after Roger Kaiser broke up a close game with nine quick points in the first half. But dark horse Tulane, with 5-foot 9-inch Jack Ardon leading the attack (he scored 46 points and rebounded well), inundated Florida 71-55 and Tennessee 61-56 to hold first place. Kentucky boosted Adolph Rupp's flagging spirits, downed Vanderbilt 76-69, LSU 77-45.

North Carolina's Frank McGuire worked on defense all week, and it paid off. Strategically shifting in and out of man-to-man and zone defenses, N.C. put York Larese on Wake Forest's Billy Parker, won 62-59 on Lee Shaffer's three pointer in the last 29 seconds. Duke meanwhile beat North Carolina State's slow-down 47-34, slipped into the Atlantic Coast lead.

West Virginia, back home from the

West, where it suffered its first loss, bumbled for a while against Furman, finally pulled itself together to win 93-79 for its 55th straight Southern Conference victory. Later it barely beat Penn State 75-73. The top three:

1. WEST VIRGINIA (12-0)
2. GEORGIA TECH (10-0)
3. NORTH CAROLINA (7-2)

## THE WEST

"One thing about these kids, they're coachable and adapt quickly," said California's Pete Newell (see page 48) last week. Cal proved his judgment when USC, UCLA and Stanford ganged up their defenses on 6-foot 10-inch Darrell Imhoff. They took him outside, they double-teamed him underneath, and generally made life miserable for the big fellow. But the adaptable Bears refused to panic. They tightened up their bear-hug defense, stuck to their methodical ball-control game and beat USC 69-43, UCLA 59-47 and Stanford 52-43. USC snapped back to edge hard-luck Washington twice, 53-52 and 69-68, and shared the Big Five lead with Cal.

Hounded and harried by Utah State's tight one-three-one zone and sudden victims of an attack of cold shunting (26 for 89), Utah's Runnin' Redskins found themselves slowed down to a walk as they were upset by the durable Aggies 73-61. Colorado State, after defeating New Mexico 88-67, nestled in the Skyline lead. The top three:

1. CALIFORNIA (12-0)
2. UTAH STATE (10-0)
3. USC (10-1)

## THE SOUTHWEST

Texas A&M started fast in the Southwestern Conference. The hot-handed Aggies, enjoying the usual lift from Sophomore Carroll Broussard, brushed off Baylor 68-51, mended their defenses in the second half to beat TCU 65-52. Texas and Arkansas each won twice to keep pace with Texas A&M but found the going much rougher.

New Mexico State got off on the right foot in its quest for Border honors, winning over Arizona 70-53 while co-favorite Arizona State used its speed to down Texas Western 84-68. The top three:

1. TEXAS A&M (10-0)
2. TEXAS (8-3)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (10-2)

## THE PROS

Although no longer a novelty, Philadelphia's gangling Wilt Chamberlain continued to amaze even his teammates. In his last week yet, Wilt dunked, dipped and hooked for 290 points, including 52 against the Lakers (left), while the Warriors stretched their winning streak to eight. As a result, Philadelphia trailed Boston by only 8½ games in the East. In the weaker West, St. Louis stood 10 games ahead of slumping Detroit.



**DOUBLE-TIMED** by Lakers' Foust (14) and LaRusso, Warriors' Wilt Chamberlain fights for shot on way to 52 points.





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**THE QUESTION:** Since skiing enthusiasts are increasing by the hundreds of thousands, what can be done to cut down the growing number of accidents?



**BOB BEATTIE**  
Ski coach  
University of Colorado  
Boulder, Colo.

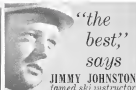
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**DOT NEBEL**  
Director of the Belleaire  
Mt. ski school  
Pase Hill, N.Y.

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continued



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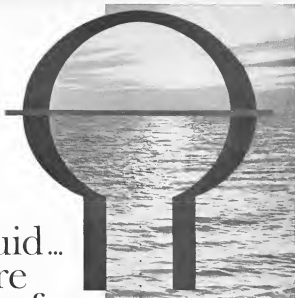
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Director of ski school  
Sugarbush Valley, VT.

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**WILLIAM H. JUOD**  
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**CHARLES ALLISON  
MERRILL**  
Ski coach  
Dartmouth College  
Hanover, N.H.

There are many things that can be done to lessen the number of ski accidents, but there are three that are most important. The first is a preseason conditioning program. A second is common sense—ski only under proper light and snow conditions. The third is to get off the hill when tired.



**FRED LONSDORF**  
Ski coach  
Michigan Tech  
Houghton, Mich.

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## Avalanche Artists

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**I**F any of the skiling youth of the world vying for Olympic titles at Squaw Valley next month lift their eyes from slopes and trails as they hurtle downward, they might be thoroughly startled to find themselves staring at assorted pieces of World War II artillery placed here and there on mountainsides and ridges. No less than four recoilless rifles (three 75-millimeter guns and one 105-millimeter) will be strategically scattered around the area, with sights zeroed in.

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*continued*

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## AVALANCHE continued

as it is at almost any of the winter resorts in the Rockies and Sierras. Guarding against it will be a small army of dedicated men whose deeds are fast becoming a part of mountain legend—the Snow Rangers. For the past year a group of these avalanche experts of the U.S. Forest Service has been studying the slopes and runs and taking measures to make sure that avalanches will not disrupt the VIII Olympic Winter Games.

A Snow Ranger has the power to put any of his area's slopes out of business by simply posting a sign saying, "CLOSED. AVALANCHE DANGER." Such a sign could stop the Olympics indefinitely if the Snow Rangers thought it necessary.

It is a big job and often a perilous one. Every slope steeper than 25°, on the average, can avalanche occasionally. Every slope pitched at more than 35° will avalanche frequently. The steeper the slope the greater the possibility that gravity will overcome the cohesion of the snow or its adhesion to the ground and send it roaring down a mountain at speeds as high as 100 mph.

Avalanches can, and have, wiped out whole communities. The most notorious example in the U.S. was a series of slides that knocked out the town of Alta, Utah in 1874, killing more than 60 people. Fittingly, it was at the ski resort of Alta, near the ruins of the town, that the U.S. Forest Service started its avalanche control program 19 years ago.

Alta was one of the first resorts in the prime avalanche region. The ski area opened with a promise from the Forest Service that it would send men to study the situation and keep skiers off the slopes that looked dangerous. At that time Forest Service personnel knew very little about avalanches. They played it safe and for much of the season kept skiers off the most attractive, wide-open runs. Since some of the closed slopes never did avalanche, a great deal of irritation developed. Safety, however, was the Foresters' predominant aim, and for the first few winters they spent their time at Alta systematically studying temperature, rate of snowfall, snow types, moisture in the snow, effect of wind on the snow and the relationship of these factors to actual avalanche occurrence. After a couple of years they were able to predict with

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rough accuracy the likelihood of avalanche for a given set of conditions. But the need for more accuracy and some method of control became acute.

Clearly the problem demanded a team of specialists, and in 1945 F. C. Kosiol, supervisor of the national forest in which Alta is located, started organizing one. His first need was a man who would be 50% scientist, 50% skiing mountaineer and 100% interested in making avalanche control his life's work. Kosiol found such a man in Harvard Graduate Monty Atwater, a 200-pound bear of a fellow who had, among other things, run traplines in Montana on skis and trained the top mountaineers of the 10th Mountain Division for the Italian campaign of World War II.

Atwater boned up on avalanche statistics and snow-pack formation and soon was put in charge of the studies at Alta. He thus became the first year-round Snow Ranger. From then on, the techniques of forecasting improved considerably, and Atwater started solving the problems of control. He decided that it was useless to attempt to build expensive walls or ditches to divert the slides. The only real solution was to get up on a slope that looked ready to go, clear everyone out below and make it avalanche then and there.

Atwater's first attempts to precipitate avalanches were crude. They also demanded a high degree of courage: he and his men would get up on an overhanging snow cliff, known as a cornice, and kick it loose, sending it tumbling to the slope below. If the lower slope avalanched, then it was safe until the next storm. If it did not, it was safe anyway.

If no cornice was handy Atwater and his men found that they could accomplish the same thing by skiing the fracture line of a slope. This is the line where the snow mass breaks off if and when it starts to come down. The weight of a skier on this critical line will usually avalanche a slope that is potentially dangerous.

By 1947 Atwater concluded that there were better and safer ways to start avalanches, and began experimenting with explosives. He and a couple of other Snow Rangers set sticks of dynamite into the top of Rustler Face at Alta and blew an avalanche into the valley. Atwater then invited the skiers in to pack the slope so that it would stabilize and settle.

continued

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# AVALANCHE continued

Skiers who watched the entire face of Rustler come cascading down were duly impressed with the lengths to which the Rangers were going to provide them with skiing. This was the beginning of a firm friendship between Snow Rangers and skiers.

The biggest Atwater innovation, however, came a couple of years later when he talked the Utah National Guard into assigning him a 75-millimeter cannon for the winter. He loaded it with explosive shells, and before breakfast one morning blasted down six or seven necessary avalanches at Alta without moving from the parking lot.

## A TOUGH JOB

In 1955 Atwater left Alta's avalanches in the capable hands of Ed LaChapelle, and when the Olympics were awarded to Squaw Valley he went to work as chief avalanche man and technical adviser to Dick Stillman, who had been named head of Olympic snow safety. The task at Squaw has been one of the most difficult the Snow Rangers have ever faced. Last winter they had to break loose 20 avalanches, three-quarters of them during the North American championships.

The collection of artillery which Atwater assembled for the VIII Olympic Games has been placed around the area with precision and care. The rifles are zeroed in on their targets so that avalanches can be blown at the height of a blizzard, before they get too big to handle. This technique, "blind firing," is a new one that may become standard practice for avalanche control in the future.

Atwater also developed another technique at Squaw Valley called bombing. He simply rides a chair lift over selected targets and tosses a bundle of tetrytol sticks into the soft snow beneath. The stuff is considerably more powerful than dynamite, and is timed to delay while the lift carries Atwater out of the way. So far the lift hasn't stalled.

It is Atwater's intention that not a pound of unstabilized snow be left in Squaw Valley the day the Olympics open, and chances are that the VIII Winter Olympics will become, among other things, a tribute to the efficiency of the Snow Rangers of the U.S.

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## COMING EVENTS

January 15 to January 21

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### Friday, January 15

- BASKETBALL (college)**  
Washington State at California
- BOATING**  
National Motor Boat Show, New York (through Jan. 24)
- BOWLING**  
♦ U.S.A. All-Star Bowling champs, final round, Omaha, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- BOXING**  
Folley vs. Macho, heavy, 10 rds., San Francisco
- GOLF**  
LPGA Hosts Chikara Open, \$6,000, San Island, Ga. (through Jan. 17)
- HORSE RACING**  
Tropical Handicap, \$50,000 added, Tropical Park, Fla.
- RBO**  
♦ Cotton Bowl Nat'l Finals, 9 p.m. (CBS)

### Saturday, January 16

- BASKETBALL (college)**  
Cincinnati at Bradley  
Marquette State at Illinois  
♦ Nebraska at Colorado (Big Eight Regional, Sports Network)  
Northwestern at Ohio State  
Iowa State at USC  
♦ Purdue at Iowa (Big Ten Regional, Sports Network)  
Utah at Denver  
Virginia at West Virginia (top)
- CLIMBING**  
♦ Climbing at New York, 3:45 p.m. (NBC), Detroit at Minneapolis
- GYMNASIUM**  
Golden Gate Kennel Club, San Francisco (also Jan. 17)
- GOLF**  
♦ All-Star Golf series, Bayer vs. Locke, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)
- HOCKEY**  
U.S. Olympic team vs. Philadelphia Ramblers, Philadelphia (live)  
Boston at Montreal  
♦ Chicago at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS)  
New York at Toronto
- HORSE RACING**  
San Fernando Stakes, \$50,000 added, Santa Anita, Calif.  
♦ The Royal Poinciana, \$25,000 added, Hialeah Park, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC)
- TRACK & FIELD**  
Marquette K of C meet, Boston

### Sunday, January 17

- BASKETBALL (pro)**  
Cincinnati at Detroit  
Minneapolis at St. Louis  
New York at Cleveland  
♦ Philadelphia at Boston (NBC)\*
- BOATING**  
Acapulco Ocean Race, San Diego
- FOOTBALL**  
Pro Bowl, Los Angeles, 3:45 p.m. (NBC)
- HOCKEY**  
U.S. Olympic team vs. Green Bay Bobcats, Green Bay, Wis.
- HOCKEY SPORTS**  
Sunday Sports Spectacular, 3 p.m. (CBS)

### Monday, January 18

- BASKETBALL (college)**  
Ore State at Kansas State  
Tennessee at Wake Forest
- BATHLON**  
U.S. Olympic final trials, Camp Hale, Colo. (through Jan. 20)

### Tuesday, January 19

- BASKETBALL (college)**  
Arkansas at Georgia Tech.  
Savoy State at Detroit  
Wake Forest at Clemson

### Wednesday, January 20

- BASKETBALL (college)**  
Alabama vs. Baton Rouge at Philadelphia  
Western Kentucky at Xavier (live)
- BOXING**  
♦ Pastrano vs. London, heavy, 10 rds., Mount Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC)

### Thursday, January 21

- GOLF**  
♦ Bing Crosby National, \$50,000, Del Monte, Calif. (through Jan. 24)

\*See local listing

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# FAST WORK AT ASPEN

The 14 youngsters who raced their way onto the U.S. Alpine team last week may turn out to be our best Olympic ski squad ever

by ROY TERRELL

THE DAZZLING Colorado sun bounced off the snowy slopes of the great mountain and danced through the wide windows of the ski lodge at Aspen. It framed, in alternate patches of light and shadow, the faces of 23 boys and girls gathered in the big living room, some of them still dressed in the colorful sweaters and heavy boots in which they had come blazing down the mountain just an hour before. Normally, skiers when not skiing are noisy, and perhaps there has never been a noisier group at play than this one. But last Friday, at noon, there was only tenseness and a silence as they watched the little man standing in front of the huge fireplace.

"I am going to read to you," began Dr. Amos R. Little, manager of the U.S. Olympic Alpine Skiing squad, "the names of those who have made the team." Then he read the list of 14 names—eight of them boys and the other six girls. These 14 would comprise the U.S. team in the six Alpine events (slalom, giant slalom and downhill for men, the same for women; four U.S. entries eligible for each event). When he finished and looked up at the faces—some of them now beaming—he said something else.

"I want each of you to know," said Bud Little, "how difficult it has been for Bill Beck and Dave Lawrence and myself to make these selections . . . to leave some of you off the team. But I also want you to realize that our primary consideration was to select those who might win a medal next month at Squaw Valley. Although you are members of a team representing your country, under the Olympic concept you will be competing as individuals. We wanted those individuals who had the best chance to win. We think we have a number of them here."

Even a year ago this speech would have sounded absurd, for with the exception of Gretchen Fraser, who never before or afterwards raced as well as she did that day in 1948 when she won the Olympic special slalom

*continued*

*Photographs by John G. Zimmerman*

**FLASHING THROUGH GATES** on tricky Aspen Mountain course, veterans Max Murell (left), Tom Corcoran (right) turned in encouraging performances during qualifying trials.





KNEE INJURY KEPT BETTY SWITE, BEST U.S. SLALOM RACER, OUT OF TRIALS, GAVE COACH DAVE LAWRENCE (LEFT) SOME BAD MOMENTS

#### OLYMPIC TRIALS *continued*

at St. Moritz, and the incomparable Andrea Mead Lawrence, who won two gold medals in 1952 at Oslo, never has a United States Alpine skier carried home an Olympic medal of any shape, size or color. (Alpine skiing is downhill racing; Nordic skiing is cross-country racing and jumping.) But last weekend Bud Little's speech didn't sound absurd at all—a most remarkable tribute to the development of world-class skiers in this country since the 1956 Olympic Winter Games at Cortina, and more particularly to the amazing progress of the members of the U.S. training squad in the last two months. It did not even sound absurd despite the fact that the one truly great male skier the U.S. has ever produced is out of action with a broken leg. Wallace (Bud) Werner, a trim, good-looking kid with a soft voice and a wonderful smile, was in the Aspen chalet with the other youngsters, carrying on his right leg an ugly plaster cast that would keep him off

his beloved mountains until long after the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley are over and done with.

Much of the optimism at Aspen was because of the girls, especially a bouncy, pony-tailed blonde with the face of a doll and the instincts of a tiger, Penelope Theresa Pitou. In the three days of tryouts at Aspen she proved once again what skiers have been saying for almost two years: the day will come when nobody in the world is going to beat Penny Pitou.

#### PENNY, PENNY, PENNY

On Wednesday in the slalom, which is not really her event, Penny whipped with breathless skill through the gaily flagged poles marking the corkscraw course down the steep Buckhorn slope. One of the runs was 49 seconds, the other 49.6. Linda Meyers, a curly-haired tomboy from California, also had a 49 flat in her first run but fell on her second, and no one else was really close.

On Thursday, in the giant slalom (a single run over a much longer

course), Penny hurtled her chunky 135 pounds down the long, gleaming run called Rutbies in 1:44.2, a time that placed her almost in a class with the boys and left Joan Hannah, a cute little brown-haired number from New Hampshire, and Penny's closest competitor, more than three seconds behind. Then, on Friday, in the downhill race (an all-out dash, at maximum speed, down a long, plunging course), she really turned it on, careening through the gates and bouncing down the murderous straights like a rubber ball. In second place was Beverly Anderson, the enigma of the team, who sometimes flies and sometimes seems to be just learning how to ski. On Friday, Beverly was flying, but she still finished more than five seconds behind the all-conquering Pitou.

"Maybe I'm not going as fast downhill as I did in Europe last year," Penny Pitou said, "but then we haven't had much chance to work on downhill yet. You know, no snow. But I've never run slalom as well and I'll get lots of fast skiing on the trip

we're making to Europe before the Games. I guess I'm doing better right now than I ever have. And there's still more than a month to go."

Pitou, of course, is not the entire story. Betsy Snite missed the trials because of a knee twisted in a fall during a practice run just the day before the races. She watched the trials as best she could from the bottom of the hill.

Betsy skis with beautiful style, is even sharper than Penny at slalom and is rated among the world's best at downhill, too. Together, the two of them won a handful of major races in Austria and Switzerland last winter against topflight competition, and there is no reason to believe that the Europeans should suddenly overpower them now. It was this appreciation of Betsy's great ability that prompted Little and Dave Lawrence, coach of the women, to name her to the team, with the blessings of Malcolm McLane, chairman of the U.S. Olympic Ski committee, even though she was unable to race in the trials.

"Thank heavens we had a little leeway," said Little, "or this might have been another Dave Sims case. Our selections were made approximately 50% from the results of the trials, 25% from the way squad members performed during the training period and 25% from our own assessment of their abilities, taking past performances and potential into account. Dave Lawrence wanted Betsy on the team. He knows she is capable of winning a medal. So Malcolm said, 'O.K., put her on the team,' and that was that. She should be on skis again in 10 days and working hard in two weeks. The Olympics don't begin until February 18. We think she'll be ready."

If she is not, the U.S. women still have unusual depth, with Pitou and Meyers, who skis all events well, and Anderson, who is capable of coming through with a big race, particularly in the downhill, and Renie Cox, a friendly blonde girl from upstate New York, who is especially good at slalom. Cox had two fine, steady runs on Wednesday to finish second in combined time to Pitou and is considered absolutely deadly on an icy course. But the real surprise may be Joan Hannah, daughter of one of the country's leading experts on ski-trail layout and a remarkable little competitor who seems to improve with every race. Her giant slalom on Thursday,

although three seconds behind Pitou's, was still two seconds better than that turned in by Linda Meyers. And although Joan fell during the downhill she bounced up to finish sixth in respectable time. Without the fall she might have pushed Pitou all the way, for this is her best event.

As for the men, it seemed only a few weeks ago that they could certainly win at least one gold medal, for Bud Werner in top form is quite possibly the best skier in the world today. With Werner sidelined there is no such confidence. Yet, as sometimes happens after a team takes a heavy blow, there has been a remarkable surge of spirit.

#### THREE SECONDS FASTER

"It's hard to explain," said Tom Corcoran, who has a master's degree from Harvard business school and at 28 is the oldest member of the squad. "But when Buddy was hurt we just realized we would all have to work a little harder. It's funny how quickly you could see the results."

"The improvement in every boy on this team is amazing," said Coach Beck, the handsome ex-Dartmouth racer who finished a surprise fifth in the 1952 Olympic downhill at Oslo. "I believe every one of them is at least three seconds faster than at this time last year. Working together like we have, training hard, competing to-

gether, has made the difference. I'm still not satisfied, but I'm beginning to feel a little better."

The two standouts in the trials at Aspen were Chuck Ferries, a 20-year-old Denver University skier who has been coming on like gang-busters in the last year, and Max Marolt, who is only 23 but who has been sking in topflight competition for a number of seasons and probably has more international experience than any member of the men's team except Tom Corcoran.

The slalom is Ferries' love, for he is a stylist, quick and smooth. The challenge of the devilish little poles marking the course seems to generate a special determination in his slender frame. His slalom runs were the two best of the day, 1:01.5 for the first, a 10th of a second slower for the second. Frank Brown, a friendly young man of 22 from McCall, Idaho, who is married, a father and an honor student in architecture at the University of Colorado, finished second to Ferries with times of 1:02.2 and 1:02.1.

Marolt, however, was the real tiger of the trials. He is not a good slalom racer, for he skis very hard, hitting the sharp turns with a smack that costs him time at each gate. He is sensational to watch but does not get to the bottom very fast. The way he

*continued on page 21*



PLAYFUL PULL ON PONY TAIL rewards Penny Pitou after she outraced Renie Cox (left), Eleanor Bennett, Linda Meyers and Mary Lind in sensational downhill run.



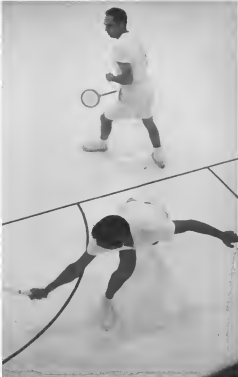
## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

### FINE FORM IN HARTFORD

SIXTEEN of the world's best squash players met at the Hartford (Conn.) Golf Club last weekend to settle the Open championship of the United States. Of the 16, four were members of Pakistan's formidable Khan family, which has dominated the game for half a dozen years. To no one's surprise the Khans again prevailed. Azam Khan, 34 (left background, with Philadelphia Ben Hecker), put out the top-seeded American, Diehl Mateer, in the semifinals, while his cousin Roshan, 32, was disposing of Boston's Henri Salaun. Then swarthy Roshan outstepped Azam in a two-hour final for the championship. Hashim, dean of the clan at 45, had lost to brother Azam in the quarter-finals. Handsome young Mohibullah, taking his first crack at the American-style game (smaller court, less running), lost both his temper and opening-round match to cagey veteran Salaun. Otherwise, the Americans were out-Khaned all the way.

The elder Khans learned squash from British officers in Karachi, today make short work of Britain's best. Warming up for the Khan dynasty are: Hashim's son, a junior champion in England; Azam's son, 9, who "shows real promise."

Photographs by Martin E. Newman



SQUASH CHAMPION ROSHAN KHAN BACKHANDS IN THE U.S. OPEN



THREE VETERAN KHANS—Roshan, Azam and Hashim—were joined in U.S. Open by 21-year-old Mohibullah (right).

Already a professional, he won last Scottish Open. Hartford title went to Roshan, who coaches the Pakistan Navy team.

## FINE FORM FOR ROME

Léthe ladies in motion—and in the news—were these three: Sharon Richardson (*left*), 16-year-old blonde from Jackson, Mich., and Muriel Davis (*below*), 19-year-old blonde from Indianapolis, both of whom spun and flipped to high scores in pre-Olympic gymnastic trials at Sarasota, Fla.; and Mary Signal (*right*), 19-year-old blonde clerk in a London brewery, chosen Britain's Woman Athlete of 1959. In addition to being blonde and beautifully coordinated, all three have a common objective: to qualify in their specialties for the 1960 Rome Olympics.



**SHARON RICHARDSON** performs a handstand on uneven bars at Sarasota. Concentrating on Rome, she has "no time for boys."







**MARY SIGNAL** puts the shot. She is also a runner and hurdler, holds women's British pentathlon record. An American-music fan, she collects Nat (King) Cole records.

◀ **MURIEL DAVIS** displays form that won Sarasota tryouts and that makes her a good bet to lead the U.S. women's team at Rome. Her spare-time reading: Bertrand Russell.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Friday Night Fadeout

THE SPONSOR was happy because the fights were selling razor blades. (If there was anything wrong with boxing, correction was the responsibility of the states.) The advertising agency was happy because the sponsor was. (If there was anything wrong with boxing, it hadn't rubbed off on the product.) But the network was unhappy. Like Janus, it could look

two ways at once—behind at the wreckage left by the quiz scandals, ahead to what Senator Kefauver might reveal in his investigation of boxing's dirty business.

Last week Gillette regretfully announced NBC's decision not to carry the Friday night fights, television's oldest continuing show, after September. Said Vincent Ziegler, president of the Gillette Safety Razor Company: "The reasons are not entirely

clear to us, but we recognize they have problems at this time peculiar to the broadcasting industry."

## Slap at the Sooners

ON THE WHOLE, the chairman of the committee on infractions of the National Collegiate Athletic Association seemed pleased about the state of amateurism in U.S. college football. "We don't think we have a rotten situation here," he told the NCAA's 54th annual convention in Manhattan last week. "For the most part all the colleges are living up to the rules."

To the University of Oklahoma's coach and athletic director, Bud Wilkinson, sweating under a Hawaiian sun in preparation for last Sunday's Hula Bowl game, these words must have come as cold comfort, for Bud's well-behaved Sooners, perennial champions of the Big Eight conference, had just been slapped with one of the heaviest penalties in the NCAA records, and seemingly for no crime whatever.

There had, it was true, been malfeasances in the past, way back in the early 1950s when Oklahoma was put on probation for two years as a result of "recruiting irregularities." But even the NCAA admitted that the Sooners seemed to have conducted their affairs with scrupulous regularity ever since. What then was the point and purpose of the severe NCAA ruling that put the University of Oklahoma on probation for an indefinite period and deprived it of participation in bowl games and in nationally televised games of all kinds until that probation was lifted? Simply stated, the answer is that Oklahoma's football team was being made hostage for the good behavior of its friends and boosters.

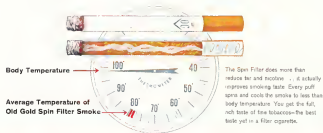
During the recruiting irregularities

*continued*



"With boosters like these, who needs enemies?"

Old Gold's Spin Filter spins and cools  
the smoke to less than body temperature



and the cooler the smoke  
...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE



◀ **Tropical Tonic** . . . for southern seas now, northern waters later on, knit wool trunks that are equally comfortable in or out of the deep. For wool dries quickly, never feels cold or clammy. With the trunks, a top shipmate, the knit wool shirt that strong sun won't fade. It's almost weightless but wonderfully comfortable in a breeze.

▶ **Palm Tree Punch** . . . one for the road: lightweight worsted sport coat and slacks. Wool travels in high style—makes big news this year with bright colors, light airy weaves that capture every breeze. And—with wool, the morning after is a pleasure, for resilient wool sheds wrinkles just by hanging overnight.



RESORT COOLERS:


## *The Light Bright Wools*

▶ **Formal Flizz** . . . something new under the tropical moon, the printed red wool dinner jacket. Wool takes to faultlessly clear colors as naturally as it does to faultless tailoring. And whether it's the red of the jacket or the black of the trousers, with wool the color is locked in to stay.

Wool "coolers" shown are available in a wide range of prices at stores across the country. For information—write The Wool Bureau, Inc., Dept. S-7, 360 Lexington Ave., New York 17, New York.



*nothing measures up to*  
**WOOL**



WE BELIEVE WE HAVE JUST ABOUT EVERY GRUNT, SQUEAK, SQUEAL, GROAN, WHINE, BUZZ, RAP, RATTLE, BEAT, TWANG, CLINK, HISS, HOWL, RUMBLE, ROAR, RUFF, SHUDDER, WHISTLE AND GROWL WORKED OUT OF THE SOLID PLYMOUTH FOR 1960.

Body and frame are welded as one unit with new Dura-Quiet Unibody construction.

*Each of these noises means something quite different to the engineer. Each was hounded out of the new Plymouth Dura-Quiet Unibody. This solid low-price Plymouth is truly quiet.*

When the first 1960 Plymouths were built and taken on the road for tests, Chrysler Corporation engineers felt they had created just about the quietest car bodies ever produced in the low-price field.

They used sound-measuring instruments and discovered that the sound level inside the new Plymouth is exceptionally low—much lower than in most other cars. Many car noises people used to take for granted simply aren't there. Engine and road sounds are subdued and dampened. Even the sound of the wind is hushed.

What is more, the new Solid Plymouth will stay quiet. New Dura-Quiet Unibody construction is strong, tight, simple and virtually trouble-free. For Unibody is a solid unit of steel welded to heavy steel. There is very little to work loose and rattle; there are fewer parts to cause trouble and require attention. Doors and windows fit more snugly.

The 1960 Solid Plymouth is built a new way. You will enjoy learning how different it is in a trial drive. May we suggest today?

*A Chrysler-engineered product, built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.*

## SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

*Tune in: "The Steve Allen Plymouth Show," a solid hour Monday nights on NBC-TV.*



## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

of the early '50s one of these boosters, an Oklahoma City accountant named Arthur Wood, had administered a fund raised by local fans to help pay the traveling expenses of prospective Sooners visiting the campus at Norman. This fund, reputedly amounting to about \$6,000, was discontinued, along with the other irregular practices, at the time of the university's probation. Its existence, however, was brought to the attention of the NCAA only a year ago when Coach Wilkinson and Oklahoma's president, George Cross, first learned of it themselves. Even though the issue seemed largely a dead one, the NCAA was anxious to learn more details about the booster fund, and President Cross urged Sooner Alumnus Wood to cooperate with them. Wood refused.

Since then, according to inside reports, the investigating committee has been tipped to the fact that Wood's fund was far larger than originally supposed, and its interest in the matter has grown accordingly. What the NCAA wants now is a close look at Wood's books, and since Wood still refuses to open them (he claims it would violate his ethics as a certified public accountant), the NCAA plans to hold the pistol of probation against the university's temple until it can persuade its friend to change his mind.

Meanwhile, having tried again and again without success to get Wood to play ball, the Sooners could do little but sit in their classrooms wringing their hands and rewording the old classic maxim to read: "Beware the boosters bearing gifts."

### The Crybabies Outvoted

THERE WAS a lot of moaning by U.S. track coaches when foreign student-athletes, most of them older than their U.S. counterparts, swept the first five places in the National Collegiate cross-country championships last month (SI, Dec. 7). There was even a proposal, up for vote last week at the annual NCAA meeting, that foreign athletes over 23 be banned from all collegiate competition in the U.S. But the NCAA was

not in a moaning mood. In a stern decision that seemed to say "Grow up" to the crybabies of U.S. amateurism, the NCAA voted the amendment down 166-33.

### Doc Kearns and Jimmy Hoffa

JACK (DOC) KEARNS, who was Jack Dempsey's manager and now is Archie Moore's, has, as they say, a lot of smarts. Which means that in that tough old race, the pursuit of the dollar, he has not only outstripped most of his associates in a notoriously



uncertain profession but outlasted them as well. Doc Kearns is 78 years old and he hasn't stopped running.

Kearns' latest proposition is The International Federation of Professional Sports, a trade union for which he has sought the support, the moral support, so to speak, of Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa.

"I know Hoffa a long time," Kearns explained the other day. "I know his old man when I'm promoting in Detroit, and I know the kid, too, and I'm glad to have him on my side. It ain't so much that I'm trying to move Hoffa into this thing. But them Teamsters have got the world by the tail, and I figure they can go to the bat for us in a big way. All I want from Hoffa is for him to give me the

nod so when I go into some joint like Seattle I'll be all set for organizing people."

As a prose stylist, Kearns has quite a change of pace. He originally approached Hoffa through an elegant letter. "Perhaps I am late coming to the conclusion that sports need a trade union," he wrote in a very round hand indeed. "If so, it is only because the boxing business demands that you study the style of another fighter before you lace up your own gloves. I am satisfied that professional athletes can enjoy the security and dignity which they deserve only by associating themselves into a trade union. . . . The professional athlete gets no more consideration today than the Roman gladiator of the Dark Ages. After the public have seen the bloodletting, they leave the arena and the gladiator to the insecurity of darkness."

Hoffa replied in the vernacular. "We'll go with him right down the line," said Jimmy and left the next steps up to Doc.

"The way I get the idea originally," said Kearns, relaxing, "is when we have a managers' guild in Cleveland, and somebody makes a case against us for restraint of something or the other, and this judge is an old fight fan and a union lawyer, so finally he gives us a clean bill, and he tells me, 'Kearns, you got a great idea here, but you need to have working stiff in it instead of just managers. I mean, Kearns, you got to have fighters, race track grooms, golf greenkeepers, and et cetera.'"

"This judge, he makes me out a

*continued*

### They Said It

**FRANK HOWARD**, Clemson football coach, telling why Clemson beat heavier TCU in the Bluebonnet Bowl: "Those other boys were so big they tilted the field, and we had the advantage of playing downhill all the way."

**LEFTY GOMEZ**, addressing a dinner: "Remember this. A pitcher's success depends on clean living and a fast, friendly outfield."

**THE 10TH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH**, explaining why he no longer has a cricket team made up of his servants at Blenheim Palace: "They're all Italians nowadays and don't know the game."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

very flowery setup, and that gives me the idea. Think about all those caddies and greenkeepers staggering around the course! Jockey's apprentices starving to death! So I go to work on it, and I been working on it pretty near four years. I give this thing a canvass like nobody's business and here's the figures."

Kearns' figures show that the IFFS membership potential is 1,016,464 in 52 sports, including 600,000 in golf, 175,000 in bowling, 10,000 in skin-diving (counting photographers) and 5,000 in dog racing.

"The other day over on Miami Beach," Kearns went on, "I see a kid with a bum hand and he says he banged up the mitt in the gym and they ain't nobody to help him pay the bills on it, so he don't know what he'll do, and I say to myself, though I don't say nothing to him, 'This is the sort of guy we need to sign up.'"

"Then I see old sports celebrities all over the place driving mail trucks and things that way. I see guys who used to be heroes, and now they're working on the docks. You think them soccer players—50,000 of them—don't need a union?"

"You know, I was around with some football coaches in New York not long ago and I says, 'You're the guys who really need a union like this. Why, school kids can throw you right off your jobs!'"

"If I could near about make an evangelist out of Al Capone, I guess I can move on this thing. It was in 1932, I guess. Capone was in the Cook County jail. I had Jackie Fields fighting Lou Brouillard for the welter championship in Chicago, and Al sent word for me to bring him some tickets for his friends. So I took 50 tickets to the jailhouse. Al asked me into his big cell. Then he ordered up a couple meals from his personal chef and a couple bottles.

"Finally I asked Capone what he'd do if he took a fall on the tax rap and had to go to jail. He said he didn't know what he'd do when he got out, but he guessed he'd have plenty of time to think it over. Then I made my pitch. 'I got it, Al!' I said, 'You know this Billy Sunday who moves

around with the sermons? If he can be an evangelist, why can't you? You could go on tour, telling the error of your ways, and I'll promote you. We can do a lot of good. Besides, we'll make a million dollars.'

"Well, sure enough, I talked Capone into the idea. He started practicing his speech in that cell. I sat there thinking: 'What a sweet hood! What an evangelist this bum will make! Would we clean up!'"

Kearns sighed. "Then," he said, "Al had to go away. To Alcatraz or San Quentin or some place that way. When he got sprung, he'd forgotten all about our evangelistic tour. I was really sorry about that. But I am just telling you that to show you that maybe I can swing this union thing, at that."

### Innocence at Tropical Park

THE DREAM of all horse players, the fancy that enthalls them in the dark of night, is that someday, somehow they'll have a chance to bet on a sure thing—like a race that has already been run.

At Tropical Park, Fla. the other day the dream came true when a bay colt named Deemster was judged the winner of the sixth race in a photo finish over a brown colt named Teacher. Nearly an hour after, track officials took a long second look at the

photo and decided that the race had been a dead heat.

So what about people who had thrown away win tickets on Teacher, which were now worth \$5.30 for \$2? The track announced that it would entertain claims.

Such innocence! Claims from Teacher backers flooded in by person, post and phone. Within a week dismayed Tropical Park officials toted up claims for \$70,000 worth of mutual purchases, though all but \$5,747 worth had been cashed the day of the race. Item that made Tropical officials shake their heads most sadly: a claim for seven \$20 tickets. Race tracks don't sell \$20 tickets.

By week's end Tropical President Saul Silberman was pointing out that the law hadn't required the track to make its generous post-race offer, and he was wondering why he had ever done it.

"We'll consult with the Florida Racing Commission," he said. "Some of these people filing claims obviously have made a mistake."

### Cross Words in Graustark

THE two-man bobsled team from the tiny Alpine principality of Liechtenstein (pop. 14,000) was not an outstanding performer at the winter Olympics in Cortina four years ago, but the fact that it was able to perform at all was something of a triumph since neither man had even been on a sled before the trials began.

Back home in Liechtenstein credit for this moral victory was given freely to the man who had bullied the team onto their sled in the first place: Baron Eduard von Fals-Fein, himself a frustrated bobbler forced to eschew the sport in deference to a squeamish wife.

Less than a week after Cortina, the baroness' squeamishness about bobs came to be shared by other matrons of Liechtenstein when one of the baron's protégés, by then an addict, lost his life sledding. The baron, determined to field some sort of winter sports team at Squaw Valley in 1960, set about training a squad of skiers.

It was a difficult job since little



### Race Track Economics

No drama of the turf  
I ever heard was odder;  
He mortgaged his old mudder  
And spent it all on fodder.

—A. R. FORTSMOT



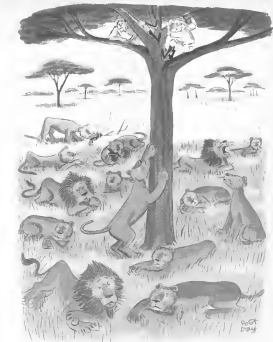
Liechtenstein, nestled between Switzerland and the Austrian Vorarlberg, has no ski lifts at all and only the poorest excuse for a slope. But by arranging for his tyros to travel over the borders on weekends, the baron in time managed to get a team together: two cousins named Kindle and another Kindle who is no kin. The whole enterprise would undoubtedly have proceeded smoothly if the baron, who runs three souvenir shops in the capital city of Vaduz, had only restricted his international activity to sport.

Instead, last year, the baron decided to compete in the Eisenhower-Khrushchev league. He organized what he called the Little Summit Conference on a hilltop in Liechtenstein. This was a well-publicized parody of representatives of four sovereign European nations—Liechtenstein, Andorra, San Marino and Monaco—whose combined population is roughly equal to that of the town of East Chicago, Ind., and it succeeded in ironing out whatever differences lay between them in a single day's session. With tongue fairly firmly in cheek, the baron extolled the conference as a fine "example for the Big Four nations who spend all their time arguing," and the newspaper readers of the world laughed dutifully in response. But stern Herr Alexander Prick, who runs Liechtenstein as Chief of Government under the constitutional monarch Prince Franz Josef II, was not amused. As punishment he forbade Fals-Fein to take his Olympic team to the U.S.

"In every country," mourned the baron, insisting to the last that both he and the team would show up at Squaw (as well they may, since Olympic Chancellor Otto Mayer is now urging Prince Franz Josef to intervene), "politics puts its foot in the Olympics. It's the last thing I thought would happen here."

### King of the Mountain

JOSE GARATEA, a Basque shepherd who came to the U.S. from Spain just last month and settled in Emmett, Idaho, has, to our surprise, set



"For the last time! It's not 'herd of lions' but 'pride of lions!'"

a new North American record by lifting a 251-pound stone 49 times from floor to shoulder in 10 minutes. Our surprise is not that José did it, though we are certainly impressed by his feat, but that there is such a sport as stone lifting in the first place. Well, there is, and it's called *ari-altza*, which is Basque for rock lifting.

*Ari-altza* originated centuries ago among the mountain men of the Pyrenees and is today to the Basques what bullfighting is to the Castilians. *Ari-altza* consists of three tests: the first, lifting a 251-pound cylindrical stone and a 282-pound square one; the second, throwing a 104-pound stone; the third, walking with two 104-pound stones, one in each hand.

When José Garatea, who is Basque and European champion in his weight class, moved to Idaho, fellow Basques among his neighbors persuaded him to lift in the U.S. championships,

which took place this year (and for only the second time in history) at Boise. José Garatea did not have a training stone but admirers chipped one out for him in no time. After the challenger, who weighs 167 pounds, lifted 49 times, Defending Champion José Marruri, weighing 212, went to work, but he got the stone up only 42 times before the clock ran out.

Under the traditions of the sport José Garatea is now subject at any time to a challenge. "He is a smart, fast lifter," Marruri admitted, "but I may challenge him soon."

### Out There, Too

SOUTH VIETNAM has banned all boxing contests until further notice. "Promoters treated boxing as a money-making proposition," explained sports director Cao Xuan Vy, "not as a sport." **END**

## NOW IKE'S GOLF IS LEGAL

FOLKWAYS are always getting ahead of legal codes, especially codes that restrict such ubiquitous human interests as sport or diversion. When this happens, the offending laws generally get ignored and people go their fun-loving, illegal ways.

Still it came as a jolt the other day to learn that the State of Pennsylvania, reacting at last to generations of burgeoning sport activity, has just legalized the Sunday picnic.

Also made legal in the Pennsylvania legislature's epoch-making but unheralded statute change: Sunday golf, tennis, boating, swimming, bowling, basketball, shooting at inanimate targets and similar "healthful or recreational activities."

Is it possible that Pennsylvania's Sunday picnickers, golfers and shooters at inanimate targets have been criminals? Indeed it is possible, criminals since 1794 when the state's first governor, Thomas Mifflin, moved to "restrain dissipation" by signing a bill outlawing any Sunday "sport or diversion whatsoever." The law set fines of \$4 or six-day jail sentences for violators.

True, the Pennsylvania law was not particularly strict by the Puritan standards of the times. Most of the United States, imbued with some of the zeal which brought on Salem's witch trials, was still bending every effort to limit relaxation. Massachusetts had fined its citizens for not attending church and jailed them for taking Sunday walks. Connecticut also captured Sunday strollers, gave them an hour in the stocks—a penalty Rhode Island raised to three hours. The world was for work and worry (actors were given 15 lashes, if caught). It wasn't a century for golfers or picnickers.

Nor did 19th century U.S. Victorians see much reason to change the old antiporting

laws. Etiquette books were advising Philadelphia ladies that just two inches of ankle could show as they crossed a street, and texts on how to bow found more favor than those on how to swing a masher.

It was, then, quite a testimonial to the wisdom of Pennsylvania's law-enforcement officials that in all the 166 years that followed the Act of 1794 not a single sporting soul seems to have been arrested. Nor, it might be added, was much attention paid to another clause of the same law that set a fine of 67¢ for cursing on Sunday. Yet the Sunday sports ban stayed on the books in about its original form, except for an exemption for baseball and football passed in 1933.

Retrospectively, certain Pennsylvania doings now appear in a new light. In golf, to pick an example, the venerable Merion Golf Club can now be

viewed as a harborer of lawbreakers for half a century. Ben Hogan, most spectacular scrofflaw of them all, it seems, won the dramatic 1950 National Open at Merion in a three-way playoff one grand exciting Sunday, and escaped scot-free. The gallery too went unarrested. Or consider that Gettyburg Sunday golfer, Dwight D. Eisenhower. The new law doesn't excuse his Sabbath-breaking past, but it does put him in the clear from now on.

Governor David L. Lawrence, a one-time picniker himself, signed the new bill but was mighty cautious about it last week. "I only signed it, I didn't advocate it," he said with political circumspection. Statehouse ways, second-guessing the Governor, were suggesting that he should have left the 1794 law on the books, enforced it in a border-to-border sweep some Sunday and thus raised millions toward his state budget. (Antipicnicker Mifflin died a pauper, which may or may not be significant.)

But the Pennsylvania action doesn't end the last trap for the unwary sportsman.

In Massachusetts, for example, though it is legal to play golf on Sunday, it is still illegal to play miniature golf. You can hook a Massachusetts fish on Sunday, but you can't spear one. And one sweeping Bay State statute says the contestants in a Sunday sporting contest must receive no pay between 2 and 6 p.m. that day.

A police chief in the Boston area was appalled at hearing this the other day. He'd made many a dollar playing a semi-pro second base on Sundays. "We were always paid by 6 p.m.," he sadly recalled. "And all those years I prided myself on being a law-abiding guy."

Don't feel bad, chief. Like all those Pennsylvania picnickers you were just way ahead of your time, legally speaking.

END

THOSE SUNDAY GAMES at Gettyburg violated an ancient Pennsylvania blue law, repealed the other day.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN ON A LOVELY HILLSIDE NEAR SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

## How we discovered the perfect rum for our Aunt Agatha

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who learned Auntie's secret in Puerto Rico)

AN AUNT AGATHA is the sunniest of all the rum drinks we discovered in Puerto Rico. The secret is that surprisingly *different* Puerto Rican rum. So dry and light some call it "Liquid sunlight." The other ingredient is good old orange juice.

"But why do you call it Aunt Agatha?" we asked the bartender who introduced it to us. "Because it's a no-fuss, no-nonsense drink," he replied. "Stands on its own two feet. Like my own Aunt Agatha." He pulled out a snapshot of his aunt and we saw his point.

No fuss. No nonsense. That's just what makes Aunt Agatha perfect for a picnic. Just mix a jigger of that wonderful Puerto Rican rum with a jigger and a half of orange juice. Pour over ice cubes and you're in business.

Be sure the bottle you pour from says "Puerto Rican Rum." Without its sunshine dryness, your dear Aunt Agatha is apt to go to pieces. You can't blame her.

*Note from Aunt Agatha:* Write for free booklet of Puerto Rican rum recipes to Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. 1-5, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.





# Captain Harry and his Cain Hoy Stable

**What started as a one-horse organization and an outlet  
from business pressures 26 years ago has grown into a profitable  
racing empire for a leading American philanthropist**

by WHITNEY TOWER

CAIN HOY STABLE, the Thoroughbred racing organization that began in 1934 as a one-horse outfit, ended 1939 as the leading money-earning stable in the country for the first time in its life. Last year its familiar blue-and-white blocked colors finished in first place 37 times, took 30 seconds and 19 thirds, earning in all \$742,081. If this showing has the appearance of an upset, the reason is not hard to find. While horses belonging to more headline-prone stables were making most of the news, Cain Hoy was running up its own record total with only one horse—Bald Eagle—among the country's top 10 money-winners.

This is a success mostly explained by a precision which characterizes everything about the stable and its owner in particular. That man is 69-year-old Harry Frank Guggenheim, who is looking out on the opposite page across the fabulous new \$33-million Aqueduct track that he helped

to build. He has never really believed in doing things halfway.

Never, that is, until he thought about getting into racing 26 years ago. "I started by buying just one yearling," Guggenheim recalled recently. "I thought the ideal stable would have no more than eight or 10 horses in training and a few brood mares on a farm. You see, I've always believed that racing should be a man's outlet, even though it sometimes grows into big business. This isn't to say that racing shouldn't be taken seriously. It should be, but in my own case I wouldn't want it to be my sole or even chief concern. I like my racing and everything to do with it only so long as I can devote my primary energies to the conduct of other affairs."

Guggenheim's blue eyes studied the lower Manhattan skyline from the walnut-paneled New York offices of Guggenheim Brothers at 129 Broadway, headquarters during the last half century of the family's worldwide mining and metallurgical enterprises. He smiled faintly and said, "My wife told me the other day, 'For something that started out as just an avocation, your racing seems to have grown into something awfully big,

hasn't it?' I had to agree with her. I never dreamed that Cain Hoy would be as big as it is or that I would actually head the owners' list. I don't know quite what to think about it."

Winning is hardly the exception to an old established Guggenheim custom. Long before the astonishing victory of his colt, Dark Star, over Native Dancer in the 1953 Kentucky Derby, Guggenheim was both noted for and rich from his endeavors in other fields. An executive of many years' experience in his family's enterprises, Guggenheim is best known as one of America's leading philanthropists. Guggenheim Foundations, in which he has always played a prominent role, have furthered countless research studies in aviation, jet propulsion and flight rocketry. One of the foundations was also responsible for the controversy currently rampant in architectural circles over the illuminated turnip, better known as New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Memorial Museum, designed by the late Frank Lloyd Wright.

#### TO IMPROVE RACING

Harry Guggenheim, who was a naval aviator in both world wars, is a former Ambassador to Cuba (1929-1933) and is married to the former Alicia Patterson, editor and publisher of Long Island's profitable tabloid *Norwood* (of which he is president). Writers who misquote him can usually expect a personal and pointed note from Captain Harry, as he is called

*continued*

Photograph by Arnold Newman

GUGGENHEIM in the paddock of New York's Aqueduct, which he helped build.

by many who still recognize the naval rank with which he was retired in 1945 after active duty on an aircraft carrier.

Guggenheim runs an estate at Port Washington, N.Y. and a 15,000-acre timber and cattle plantation known as Cain Hoy north of Charleston, S.C. (The name is derived from an old Angola Negro Gullah corruption of "cane hay," which is a South Carolina plant used for making rattan chairs.) But, despite his determination to concentrate on business, Guggenheim finds himself drawn increasingly to the management of his own racing stable and into the over-all management of racing in New York state. Along with John W. Hanes and Christopher T. Cheney, he was one of the three original members of The Jockey Club picked to re-establish first-class racing facilities in New York (SI, Sept. 27, '54). Now that new Aqueduct is launched, however, Guggenheim is of no mind to slacken off. "We think we are already giving New Yorkers the best racing in the country," he said, "but our efforts from now on will be to make the racing even better—for those at the track and for those at home. Right now I'm interested in some ideas to improve televised racing."

#### DIVISIONAL STRENGTH

The practical element is strong in Guggenheim. When a friend asked him the other day how it felt to own the most successful racing stable in 1959, he looked briefly but sharply at his questioner, then gave one of the rather pedantic answers for which he is noted. "When you think of success in a racing stable you've got to think of a balance sheet in two parts. One, of course, is the operating expense ledger, and on this one you'll seldom make a profit if you run a big stable. On the other side is the capital investment ledger, and this is what I think of more than anything else. For example, we now own some 90 horses, the majority of them homebred, and we have shares in stallion syndicates (last count: 21 shares in 13 stallions). The only way to find out how much they are worth—and how successful you are—is to hold a dispersal sale. But I'm not looking for a dispersal sale."

If he did sell out, the Guggenheim dispersal would certainly rank among

the major transactions in the horse world. Although Cain Hoy Stable's total strength is considerably smaller than Rex Ellsworth's in California, for example, it ranks from the standpoint of prestige and value with the best in the world.

In this stable there is both strength in all age divisions and a healthy assurance that, if breeding to the best available stallions has any significance, the future could be rosy. In addition to Dark Star and some shares in Turn-to (both of whom stand at Claiborne Farm), Guggenheim is in on the syndicates of such studs as Ambiorix, Daumier, Jet Pilot, My Babu, Princequillo, Ribot and Tulyar.



AT OPENING of Guggenheim Museum, Harry sees Mayor Wagner cut the ribbon.

When Harry Guggenheim is drawn out on his philosophies about racing, he speaks with the conviction of a hardheaded, not overly imaginative man who is delighted to find in this particular sport an element of life lacking in the day-to-day conduct of other businesses. "There are," he noted, "so many variables and imponderables in the racing and breeding of Thoroughbred horses that any owner, breeder, trainer or jockey can make a strong argument to prove almost any case that he wants to make. Maybe that is why I find the sport so alluring.

"For example, a trainer can build up almost any kind of argument either for riding a certain jockey, or for not riding that same jockey. He can give you a million reasons for

wanting to race at a certain track, for pointing for a specific stake race or for wintering in a particular spot. Now, maybe, a person with complete intellectual honesty would be able to see the logical course to steer through many of these controversial decisions, but the fact is most people are swayed by emotions and personal desires rather than by intellect. Differences of opinion—which is the reason people bet on races—also stimulate our own enthusiasm as owners and breeders. After all, if there were set and proven ways to breed the best horses and to train them systematically to win, there would be little difference of opinion and therefore little interest in racing."

Captain Harry sat down at a broad desk and tapped a pencil lightly on its glistening top. "When I'm asked," he went on, "what we do at Cain Hoy to get the best results, I can honestly say there is no set formula. My favorite reply is an old one used often before: breed the best mares to the best stallions. Then get the best trainer and the best jockey. Then hope for good luck. Without Lady Luck on your side you're done. With luck and good organization you can get somewhere."

Looking at a nearby calendar, Guggenheim thumbed back to a day last fall. "It's a racing day I'll never forget," he said, pointing at Saturday, October 24. "I had three horses in three different \$100,000 races. I don't think it will happen to me again the rest of my life. We had Heavenly Body in the Gardenia at Garden State and Bald Eagle and One-Eyed King in separate divisions of the Man o' War at Aqueduct. Two of them were favorites, and the other was a second choice, and if ever there was a chance this was a day to make racing history. Well, about 3 o'clock in the morning of October 24 I woke up and heard the most awful noise outside. In a second I knew it was the kind of a downpour that wasn't about to let up—and in the same moment I knew that the slow tracks would give us little chance in any of the three races. Luck wasn't on our side that day, and there was no earthly way to do anything about it."

#### THE GREAT BARGAIN

"In 1953 Eddie Hayward was training for me, and Henry Moreno was our jock. We won the Derby with Dark Star and that fall The Garden

State with Turn-to. Luck was with us, but not for long: Dark Star broke down in the Preakness, and the following spring Turn-to had to be retired after winning the Flamingo and becoming the Derby favorite. There's no telling how good either of those two colts might have been had both of them been able to complete normal racing careers."

Dark Star, for whom Guggenheim paid Warner L. Jones Jr. \$6,500, proved how good he was at Churchill Downs on the afternoon of May 2, 1953, when he picked up \$90,050 for winning the Kentucky Derby. Although he had won the Derby Trial five days before, the handsome brown runner attracted so little attention at the mutual windows that the enormous crowd, in its feverish rush to stamp Alfred Vanderbilt's unbeaten gray, Native Dancer, as the 7-to-10 favorite, established Dark Star's price at an inviting 25 to 1. Guggenheim still looks back on that day with mixed emotions: he was thrilled that he won, and yet even seven years later he is still bothered that Dark Star's victory was, at least in the view of the general public, tainted.

#### A NEW YEAR

"When Native Dancer was bumped by Money Broker going into the first turn, some of the press were quick to build up a story that pictured Native Dancer span virtually sideways. Actually, the patrol films verified only that he was slightly brushed. But meanwhile Dark Star was on the front end, and before it was over two or three horses had made good runs at him, and each time he withstood them. His winning time of 2:02 has been beaten by only four other Derby winners in 85 years."

Cain Hoy's trainer today is Woody Stephens. Manuel Yeaza is the jockey. Stephens signed up in 1956, and the first day he reported to work Guggenheim told him, prophetically, "I don't look for us to make much of a mark until 1959, so don't be impatient." Yeaza had a reception of a different nature.

"From the first time I saw him I knew this boy had exceptional ability," said Captain Harry. "His faults, at first, were natural ones. He didn't know the way things are done in New York, and his ignorance got him into trouble. He'd been a big shot in the bush leagues and simply didn't comprehend what was expected of him.

His hotheaded temper got him into more trouble. I think what Yeaza needed from the start—and I like to think that perhaps Cain Hoy helped provide it for him—was a binding confidence in something.

"I offered him a contract in the fall of 1958, but he went off to California and didn't bother about us until he came back last spring. One day he called up and said he wanted to speak to me, and I sent word back that I wouldn't talk to him until he decided to sign the contract. Finally we got together one afternoon at Jamaica. I handed him a routine Jockey Club contract, but one which, in view of Yeaza's talent, certainly

icy decisions," Guggenheim said, "but I never interfere in the training. Training horses isn't my business, and I'll never pretend to make it mine. I expect Woody to run the horses when they are ready, nothing more. And I don't want the men around the barn to feel that they have to hide things from the boss. When a horse has bowed I know it's not the trainer's fault; it's just one of those things that happen."

The coming year could be another good one for Cain Hoy. Bald Eagle, the most improved older horse in the country at the end of last year, is at Hialeah to tackle Horse of the Year Sword Dancer in the handicap divi-



**HISTORIC UPSET** in Kentucky Derby occurred in 1953 when Guggenheim's Dark Star, a 25-to-1 shot, led all the way to outlast late rush by favored Native Dancer.

was not very advantageous to him. As he stood to shake hands with me after signing, I said to him, 'Manuel, to be a success in anything you do you must put your trust in somebody and have confidence in him. By signing this contract you have shown me that you have trust in me. Is that correct?' Manuel smiled and replied, 'Yes, sir.' Still looking at him I reached over for the contract, tore it up and sat down to write another one with more generous terms. Yeaza's agent poked the boy and said, 'Look! You haven't even started working for the man and already you have a raise?'

Cain Hoy Stable's superb showing in 1959 is in every sense a triumph for Guggenheim, Stephens and Yeaza together. "Woody and I go over pol-

sion. And he might get some help from his older brother, One-Eyed King. The stable's Kentucky Derby prospects, all of whom have lots of improvement to show yet, are All Hands, Clean Sweep Down, Sweet Prince and To Fortune. Among the nation's fillies should Heavenly Body and Make Sail should more than hold their own.

The uncertainties of horse racing are such that they invest platitudes with a disarming truthfulness. And so Guggenheim can add: "It's too much to hope that we will have as good a year as we did last season, but we can hope. We can also remember that in this field, like in all other human endeavors, there is no substitute for intelligence, perseverance and fair play. Oh, yes, and don't forget Lady Luck."

END



HERB ELLIOTT, FOLLOWING REANCHERING HIKE TRAIL IN THE AUSTRALIAN ALPS, SLOGS THROUGH RIVER THAT CROSSED HIS PATH 22

## 'I GET BLOODY SICK OF TRAINING'

**A testing mountain trek is the first step by Herb Elliott, world's best miler, on his road to Rome**

*Photographs by Jerry Cooke*

ONCE a man passes the coastal flatlands, southeastern Australia rears with a rush into the mile-high wilderness of the Australian Alps. Streams of melted snow root through the Alpine tangle, and the chuckles of the flat-topped kookaburra bird sound along formidable footpaths that lead a traveler, with luck, to the other side. Laboring over the mountains the other day went Herb Elliott, world's fastest man at one mile. In training for the Summer Olympics, he had taken world's most roundabout road to Rome.

With four companions (a fellow Melbourne University student, a long-distance runner, a Rover Scout





**TIMES. ALSATIAN SANDY LEADS THE WAY**



**AT SUPPER ELLIOTT STORES IN FAVORITE HIKE FUEL: RAW OATS, NUTS AND RAISINS**

and a dog named Sandy), Miller Elliott hiked off into the Alps near Mansfield, Victoria, 130 miles north of Melbourne. What lay ahead was never intended as fun. "I get bloody sick of training," Elliott says. Bending under a 40-pound pack, he developed his sentiments: "I don't think a trip like this *should* be a pleasure. I want to get back as smelly as I can."

The hike route, originally laid out by the great miler John Landy, led through knee-deep water, up 60° slopes, down the faces of bluffs. "It will do wonders for you," Elliott told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* photographer Jerry Cooke, who accompanied the party on the first leg of the trip. Re-

ported Cooke: "Even though I carried no pack, it was hard to keep up. Elliott was pushing himself along, setting the pace, even when he was not in the lead. I began to have an inkling of what it must be like to race against him. This mild young man had become deadly serious, and the change was a little astonishing."

"His companions, especially Robbie Morgan-Morris, one of Victoria's best long-distance runners, were taking things more lightly. For his part, Robbie had assumed the role of holler guy, and while the rest of us trudged by, he found occasions to keep some kind of talk going. Once, when we had a mile and a half to go

before reaching a rest bivouac, he reflected on Elliott's success with the four-minute mile and observed: 'This ought to take Herb just six minutes.' Elliott smiled only thinly. His Alsatian dog Sandy, meanwhile, was having a ball, chasing magpies and rabbits and barking back ferociously at the kookaburras laughing in the trees above us. Elliott, who loves the dog, regarded him sourly. 'What makes me sore is having to carry his food in my pack,' he said. 'I spent a few hours trying to fix up a harness so he could carry it himself, but it didn't work.'

"At 7 that evening we stopped at

*continued*





**HURLED** HIKERS gather their strength during rest break beside the trail. Standing is Robbie Morgan-Morris, a long-distance

runner. Others, from left, are Ken Cathie, a Rover Scout; Mike O'Grady, a Melbourne University student; and Herb Elliott.

#### 'BLOODY TIRED' continued

the bottom of a steep hill. Then out came the food that Elliott prefers as his training diet: potatoes, bread, dried milk, wheat germ, dehydrated soups, cheese, peanut oil for frying the potatoes—I had never seen such an odd collation in my life. Everybody was in his sleeping bag by 9, and Sandy woke us all at 5 by licking our faces. 'There's the sun,' said Herb after breakfast. 'We'd better get going.' The Scout, Ken Cathie, and I left them then and headed back. It was mostly downhill but it took us an hour longer than the trip up. You make good time behind Elliott, as others have found out before us."

That same day Elliott and his friends were not making the time they had hoped to. Inattention to a map

**STOOPED** under his 40-pound haversack, Elliott struggles up Howqua River bank.

detail led them down the wrong mountainside, and they decided to backtrack to Mansfield, which they reached at the end of the third day. Altogether, Elliott had hiked 50 miles, crossed the snow-fed Howqua River 80 times and lost four pounds. "I've always loved hiking," said Elliott, "but, hell, I was glad to see my front door this time."

Elliott was still feeling the exertions of the hike a few days later. In a 1,000-meter benefit race, he finished a winded third to Greg Blake of Tasmania. "But I'm not worried," Elliott said afterward. "There's still a long road ahead before I hit Rome." One excursion along that road could well lead Herb Elliott to the U.S. later this month. He holds AAU invitations for Los Angeles Jan. 22 and for New York's Millrose Games Jan. 30. His local athletic association voted approval of the trip this week, and Herb was eager to come.

**END**

**RUNNING** barefoot in a race after recent hike, Elliott loses to a shod Tasmanian.



## The best goalie on ice

**Detroit's Terry Sawchuk is the chief reason the Red Wings may make the playoffs**

THE OCTOPUS figures to be thrown the last week in March. For over a decade tradition has dictated that when the Detroit Red Wings skate in the Stanley Cup playoffs in their home Olympia Stadium, one of their fans throws a real, honest-to-Pete octopus onto the ice before the opening

face-off. The octopus is always bought at the same Detroit fish shop, but local historians have been unable to find the origin of this charming custom, which reaches as far back as the memory of most fans. They shrug the octopus off as merely one of the many weird objects that hockey fans throw. It does not have the same hostile implications, however, as eggs (below) or overshoes. For one thing, an octopus cannot be aimed. Anyone doubting that is invited to get an octopus from his refrigerator and try to throw a high hard one.

Even if the octopus were hostile, there are two men who would be relatively safe from it in Detroit. One, of course, is Gordie Howe, that marvelous old lampfighter who this season pases even Maurice Richard as top scorer in National Hockey League history. The other is Terry Sawchuk, who quit the Boston Bruins three years ago because his nerves, he said, were shattered. He rested for half a season, and now he is the goalie for the Wings and probably the finest goalie playing hockey today.

Sawchuk is a marvelous goaltender to behold. Perhaps you saw him on television last Saturday against the Rangers, exhibiting the special pride which makes him a hated figure in many cities but a hero in Detroit: he guards his net not merely as an object four feet high and six feet wide, but as if it were a precious tapestry that only he could protect. In pregame warmups when his teammates are firing at him, he seems to enjoy catching the puck with his mitt, then inspecting it casually with the nonchalance you affect when looking over fruit at the market.

This season the reason the Wings have been able to battle with the Toronto Maple Leafs for second place has been the fine support Sawchuk has given his teammates. In the first six games of the season he gave up a total of five goals, and he has continued to play superbly for a team that has trouble scoring goals itself.

"One of the fine things about Terry," the Wings' coach, Sid Abel, says, "is he's a stand-up goalie. He doesn't fall all over the ice. He stands there and waits and usually takes the shot with his glove or brushes it away with his stick. You'll notice that not many people get rebounds off Sawchuk on long shots. When the puck comes in he stops it and clears it quickly away from the cage."

Sawchuk stood the other day in the lobby of New York's Hotel Roosevelt, a quiet and ruggedly handsome young man with a neatly tended black crew-cut. He was apprehensive on this particular day, and not too receptive to an interview. His wife was in a Detroit hospital about to have their fourth child. She had not been doing well and Sawchuk was worried.

"My wife is a Detroit girl," Sawchuk said, "and we live there the year around. I now have a business, which is working out quite well. A garbage-disposal business. Six trucks and our own dump. During the season I have to keep it as far from my mind as possible. The hardest thing for a goaltender to do is to relax. I can't worry about the business and tend goal at the same time. The pressure out on the ice during a game is tremendous. When a team is going well, the goaltender is always great in the public's eyes and in the eyes of the press. But let the team go bad and it's the coach's fault and the goaltender's fault in the eyes of the public."

One of the most noticeable things about Sawchuk is the way he constantly talks to his defense. "Well," he explained, "I do it because the defensemen are the most vulnerable men on the ice. The goaltender can look out and usually find where the puck is and where it might be going. But a defenseman is usually skating backward watching his man, and sometimes he hasn't the slightest idea where the puck is. That's why I'm always talking to the defensemen, to tell them where the puck is."

In the two months ahead it will be interesting to watch Terry Sawchuk and see just how long he can keep the Wings going; to see if he can fight off the enemy and protect whatever goals his teammates can muster. If he succeeds, and the Wings make the playoffs, then the fans at the Detroit Olympia ought to give Terry a gold octopus.

END



BOSTON EGGS hit Sawchuk over eye last month, put him off ice for eight minutes.



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## A winter's broth

**R**EAL OXTAIL SOUP is one of the world's great dishes: an invigorating broth of pure beef taste, to which the joints and meat of the oxtails add a satisfying extra dimension. It can make a stout meal for hungry winter sportsmen, served unstrained as a kind of stew. Or, as usually encountered—strained and with a piece or two of meat in each soup plate—oxtail makes a dark and delectable prelude to a dinner party.

Perhaps because the tail of the beef animal is such an economical buy, or because its traditional Anglo-Saxon presentation is so simple, the authors of cookbooks have labored endlessly to fancy up the preparation of this dish. However, a child of 12 should be able to make the authentic version detailed below. Grownups who like to fool with pressure cookers can make the same soup in a good deal less time (see recipe). The ordinary method gives a larger yield and, to me, a finer flavor.

In the line of ready-made soups, including oxtail, the newest find for the outdoorsman was introduced this year at New York's giant specialty food fair: condensed soups, wrapped in foil and resembling half-pound chocolate bars. The bars dissolve quickly in boiling water. This new product, sold under the brand name of Quorn, comes to us from an English concern—although the original invention was Swedish—and much is made of the fact that British mountain climbers have carried

the soup bars on Himalayan expeditions. Anyway, the Quorn oxtail soup bar, whether for camp, ocean-going yacht or Mount Everest, makes a palatable, slightly thick broth that needs more seasoning; no other criticism, except that part of the fun of oxtail soup has always been sucking the bones.

### ON BUYING OXTAILS

Bear in mind that two calves' tails are about the equivalent of one oxtail, and that oxtails vary in meatiness with the season (they are larger and have more fat in the winter). One oxtail is sufficient for a dinner party soup for six, cooked in the ordinary manner. But one oxtail is only enough for two or three if it is intended as a one-dish supper, with second helpings. Have the butcher section the tails at the joints, sawing very large pieces in two. If using frozen oxtails, be sure to defrost before proceeding.

### OXTAIL SOUP, ordinary method

(Serves six as a dinner party soup, three as a meal in itself)

**MEAT:** 1 oxtail plus 1 to 3 tablespoons meat fat (or same amount of vegetable shortening)

**VEGETABLES:** 1 carrot, 1 stalk celery, 1 turnip or onion, all diced

**HERBS:** 2 bay leaves, 2 sprigs parsley, ¼ teaspoon marjoram, pinch of thyme

**SEASONING:** Salt and pepper

**LIQUID:** 3 pints canned bouillon plus 1 pint water

Brown the tail sections well in very little fat (the amount needed varies according to fattiness of the tails). Remove, and in the same pan lightly brown the vegetables. Place oxtail pieces and vegetables in Dutch oven or heavy aluminum pan, adding herbs, the liquid, a teaspoon of salt and a sprinkling of pepper. Cover, bring to a boil and skim the soup. Simmer slowly over low heat for 3 hours. At this point, remove oxtail pieces and reserve. Strain soup through a sieve, without pressing, and discard the solids remaining in the sieve. Chill the strained soup sufficiently to skim off the fat. Reheat with oxtail pieces before serving, and adjust the seasoning.

### OXTAIL SOUP, pressure-cooker method

(Serves three as a soup, two as a hearty supper)

**INGREDIENTS:** Same as above but use onion, not turnip, and lessen the liquid to 2 cups bouillon and 2 cups water.

**PROCEDURE:** Brown meat and vegetables as above, and place in pressure cooker with liquid. Cook for 15 minutes after 15-pound pressure is reached. Correct seasoning and serve.

### OXTAIL STEW

This is made in the same manner as either of the soups above, but with less liquid and more oxtails, vegetables, etc. It can be slightly thickened with potato starch, arrowroot or flour.



TAURINE TUREEN

Extraordinary soup tureen is of 18th century Chinese export porcelain. This type of hard-paste porcelain, often mislabeled Lowestoft, was made in special shapes for European customers from samples sent to Canton by early traders. The piece shown here is reported to have been ordered by Madame Du Barry, together with other porcelain "animals," for one of the hunting chateaux of Louis XV's court. It is for sale at Louis Lyons, 819 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Price: \$8,500.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe

## The young pros go after the veterans

**Golf's new stars join the chase for the richest prizes ever offered in the winter tour**

SPANG IN THE MIDDLE of the stucco jungle of bungalows, eateries and movie studios that covers the western end of Los Angeles you will come upon rolling green leas and meadows which the municipality cultivates for its clubless golfers. Overhead, the jets from the neighborhood aircraft factories draw their contrail designs, the etchings of the supersonic age, across the blue midwinter sky. It is here early each January that the nomads of professional golf gather at the city-owned Rancho golf course to compete in the Los Angeles Open golf championship as they start on their annual winter tour across the southern states.

At the practice tee several days before last week's L.A. Open, early arrivals were casually trying out last year's swing to see if it produced the same shots it did in 1959. A late-comer, followed by caddy with golf bag and practice balls, sauntered up to the firing line and began the greetings: "Hiya. Bo; Hi, Souch; Hi, Vic. What say, Bessy, long time no see. Happy New Year, Frank. Souch, what you doin' with that new grip? Say, man, you been practicing."

It was here on the practice tee and around the Rancho course (by now closed to all but the 150 or so competing pros going through their warm-up rounds) that the student of golfing fads and mores was able to acquire a preview of the upcoming fashions. Last week, for instance, he would have learned that the black shoe—preferably with flaps over the laces—is the thing for 1960, with the plain brown and alligator-skin a poor second and third. The garish haberdash-

ery of the Jimmy Demaret era had vanished in favor of somber blacks and whites, grays, beiges and pastels. The loose-sleeved alpaca sweater was the uniform of the day. The white tennis visor, like the whooping crane, was in a last-ditch struggle for survival.

At Rancho there was no Demaret in person—or Hogan or Snead or Middlecoff. Nowadays these Olympian figures are mustered only for the classic events like the Open and the Masters. Their places in the forefront of the winter tour have been taken by Art Wall Jr. (see cover), Mike Souchak, Bill Casper Jr., Doug Ford, Arnold Palmer, Ken Venturi, Dow Finsterwald, Bob Rosburg, Gene Littler, Jay Hebert. There is an occasional reminder of the past, like the pencil-line mustache and leathery face of Lloyd Mangrum or the weary slouch of big Dutch Harrison. But most of the faces on the winter tour are young, and unfamiliar to all but the most avid followers of golf.

### WHO'S NEXT?

It's as easy to pick the Democratic nominee for President as it is to forecast which of these younger golfers will break into the top 10 money winners this year. Yet certain of the newcomers keep impressing the older players with intimations of class.

One such is Dave Ragan, who last year wound up with earnings of \$14,785—a modest 29th among the touring pros. Dave is a towheaded, crew-cut 24 and, like most pros his age, he came up through collegiate golf. He turned pro in 1956 after his graduation from the University of Florida and joined the tour a year later. He weathered the first lean years with the backing of admirers from Daytona Beach (including his father), but last year with his victory in the Eastern Open and some good golf

elsewhere he was able to make his own way. Dave is strong and owns the sound, compact kind of swing that stays together under duress. Above all, he is willing to gamble for victory. He isn't exactly free of care, however; besides a pretty blonde wife, he has a set of 18-month-old twins, and the whole family traipses along with him from motel to motel.

On the basis of 1959 performances, Bob Goalby might well be rated the young pro most likely to succeed in 1960. Bob's winnings of \$26,315 were 12th biggest on last year's tour, with only the established veterans ahead of him. As the work-horse of the tour, Bob played in 44 of the major events last year, and although he won none of them he shot enough really fine



CONGESTION OF HOTEL LIFE IS LOT OF





DAVE RAGAN, SHOWN IN LOS ANGELES WITH WIFE JEAN AND TWINS DANN AND MIKE

rounds to give him three seconds and two thirds. At high school in Belleville, Ill. and later at the University of Illinois, Bob was an excellent athlete. He won letters in football and baseball and even attracted interest from a few professional baseball clubs before turning to golf. Bob is big—6 feet and 195 pounds—and he can hit a golf ball a mile, but he seems subject to agonizing slumps. Although he hasn't won a major event since the Greensboro Open in 1958—his freshman year as a pro—he is certainly among the logical choices for big things in the future.

Then there is Doug Sanders, a dark, handsome 26-year-old from Cedartown, Ga., whose earnings last year (\$24,451) were second to Goal-

by's among the younger pros. He wound up the season in December with a fine victory in the Coral Gables Open. He is the kind of man who offers great comfort to the weekend golfer, he hits the ball in a most un-stylish way. He stands up to it with his feet wide apart and his legs stiff, and following a short, fast back-swing, he simply overpowers it. While defying all the theories of style, Doug manages to get some marvelous results, and must be rated a very fine golfer indeed. The big question is whether such an unorthodox swinger can continue over the years to produce the best golf—particularly when he is not feeling up to snuff or when his concentration wavers. It is tough to argue with results, but there are

wise golfing men who feel that Sanders' technique works against his chances of remaining among the first flight of pro golfers.

Somewhat farther down the earnings list there is Don Whitt, a golfer who might—at a distance—be mistaken for Ken Venturi. He has the same build as Ken, and there are similarities in their stride and general appearance on the golf course, although Don's swing lacks the easy, fluid grace of Ken's. Last year—his fourth on the tour—Don suddenly startled everyone with his back-to-back victories in the Memphis and Kentucky Derby opens. He was in the top money four other times, but he doesn't seem to be playing that kind of golf right now. A Californian like his good friend Bill Casper, Whitt lacks Casper's easygoing manner; he is a plugger. He is a golfer who should get better with time, and on occasion he can beat anybody. The question about Don is: How often can he get his game up to its highest pitch?

Of course, these four youngsters—Ragan, Goalby, Sanders and Whitt—own no lien on tomorrow's headlines. Anyone who follows the tour even casually can name a half dozen almost equally solid prospects. Who, for instance, could sensibly fail to consider Tommy Jacobs, whose victory in the 1958 Denver Open put him into the winner's circle just over a year after he first joined the tour? Or Mason Rudolph, the Walker Cupper who joined the tour in mid-May and by September had won the \$40,000 Golden Gate Open after placing in the money in his first 11 starts? Or Joe Campbell, a former national intercollegiate champion from Purdue, who was named "freshman of the year" on last year's tour? Or Jim Ferree or J. C. Goosie or John McMullin—excellent golfers all.

#### RECORD PURSES IN '60

The 1960 tour is going to put more money into more golfers' pockets than ever before. The LA Open, which only a few years ago seemed to have gone berserk by offering \$10,000 in prize money, this year distributed \$39,500—\$5,500 of it going to the winner. The Crosby will add another \$50,000. On February 3-7 the Palm Springs Desert Golf Classic will put up \$100,000 for the boys to shoot at in the course of a five-day, 90-hole

continued

event—one round more than the pros have ever before had to negotiate during a regular medal-play tournament. Thus, in the first five weeks of the winter tour, the migrant golfers will split up some \$260,000—more than a whole year's prize money back in the heyday of Byron Nelson.

Television is one factor behind the inflated size of the purses. Although TV has not yet overcome all the technical problems of covering golf, it has become a fixture at the Crosby and the Masters on the winter circuit. In some of the lesser tournaments along the way local telecasts will be tried this year for the first time, and Palm Springs will be on the air coast to

600 ahead of Mike Souchak, his closest rival in the department of finance.

For several years now—probably dating back to the 1955 Open at San Francisco when Jack Fleck beat Ben Hogan in the playoff—one of the more popular diversions around golf courses has been to speculate over Hogan's successor. At one time or another it seemed as if it might be Litterer or Venturi or Ford, but none of them could maintain a consistent superiority over his rivals.

#### THE SUCCESSOR

As the 1960 tour begins and one thinks back on the past year's performances, Art Wall would seem to be the heir presumptive. Certainly there is much in Wall's makeup that

how to "play himself into shape," as he puts it, without leaving his best shots on the practice tee. He does it largely by playing his practice rounds with enough of his own money riding on himself to make him care how he places his approaches and schools his putts. He knows when, after six or seven or eight weeks under the stern disciplines of the tour, it is time to knock off for a week or two and get back to his wife Jean and the children. He understands the art of getting along with people, particularly the press and the public. Not long ago someone asked Art what he thought was the most important quality a great golfer needed. He said, "Patience." And then he amended it: "Patience and memory."



**DON WHITT**, a Californian, won two circuit tournaments back-to-back last year.



**BOB GOALBY**, onetime football and baseball star, took in \$26,315 on 1959 circuit.



**DOUG SANDERS** has had amazing success with awkward swing of a weekend golfer.

coast. All or part of the fees earned from TV are added by the sponsors or the PGA to the pros' winnings.

With so much loose change floating around, it is no wonder that the man on this week's cover was able to accumulate more prize money on the 1959 winter tour than any other golfer ever had in the past. Over the entire year Art Wall Jr. raked in \$63,216 as compared to the \$42,556 Ben Hogan won in his best year (1946) when he won 11 tournaments and finished in the money 21 other times. While gathering this loot, Art won the Crosby, the Azalea Open and the Masters, and took seconds at Los Angeles, Phoenix and Tucson. Then in the spring and summer he had three more seconds, and a victory in the \$50,000 Buick Open, winding up some \$16,-

fits him for a long tenure at the head of the professional ranks.

First, there is Art's earnest dedication to his job of golfing. A teetotaler who even shuns coffee and tea, Wall keeps himself in absolutely top condition from one end of the year to the other. He knows there is not much of a living in pro golf that is not quite first-class. He had seven pretty lean years on the circuit before 1957—and by then he and his wife had four young children sitting at home in Honesdale, Pa. Wall obviously feels little frivolity is permissible to a man of 36 who hopes to dominate a game like golf for more than a brief span.

In this respect Wall is made of much of the same stern material as Hogan. He knows himself—and no horsing around. He has figured out

The first and second money winners of the 1959 pro tour, Wall and Souchak, are about as different as two athletes can be (though both were Pennsylvania boys and both went to Duke University). Souchak, at 32, is the essence of the smiling, gregarious athlete who seems to do everything for fun. Unlike the thoughtful Wall, who plays every shot as if it were part of a well-arranged plan for the entire round, Mike gives the appearance of hitting the ball with reckless abandon. A former end on the Duke football team, he is a big and beefy man who can put on weight as fast as you can say, "More, please."

TURN PAGE FOR COLOR PICTURE OF MIKE SOUCHAK. TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



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# BIG MIKE

*Powerful in repose, with husky arms and shoulders and an open, friendly grin, Mike Souchak, 32, is one of professional golf's most spectacular players. This 5-foot 11-inch, 195-pound former all-conference end at Duke hits a golf ball as straight and explosively as anyone in the game today.*

*Photograph by Jerry Cooke*







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This December, for instance, Mike had to take care of his two children at his home in Durham, N.C. while his wife Nancy gave birth to their third child. As he explains it, "Every time the kids got hungry I had to go into the kitchen to get them something to eat, and every time they had to eat something I ate it with them." The result is that Souchak starts the tour this year eight or 10 pounds over his best playing weight of 195 pounds. Last year it was not until Mike had slimmed down to 195—from 220—that he started to play winning golf. He may be off to another slow start this year.

Finsterwald, Casper, Rosburg, Ford, Venturi and Jay Hebert, in that order—is capable of winning any of the tournaments along the route. The one who wins is almost always the one with the hot putter. But the one who wins the most frequently is the one who takes the gambles that give his putter a chance to operate within range of the birdies and eagles. Last year it was Wall and Souchak who played that kind of golf more often than the others.

This year, if some of the younger members of the troupe are going to climb into the first 10 or higher, they will have to be able to put together four good rounds on a number of occasions. At least a dozen of these



**FAMILY CADILLAC** supports Tommy Jacobs and wife Sally. Expensive cars can be as important as homes to some pros, who live on wheels much of the year.

Some of the labels attached to the best-publicized golfers are well-worn. Wall is the fellow who uses the "baseball grip." Souchak is the biggest hitter on the circuit next to George Bayer. Doug Ford can get down from anywhere on the green in two putts. Casper can sink anything within eight feet of the hole. Finsterwald is the percentage golfer whose infallible consistency keeps him always within reach of the money but never quite at the top of the heap. And so it goes.

Certainly these labels weren't manufactured out of whole cloth, but as the 1960 season gets under way it would be well to remember one thing: any of 1959's first 10 money winners—Wall, Souchak, Littler, Palmer,

younger golfers are capable of hitting just as good a shot as their more distinguished elders, but it takes something beyond that to land in the upper brackets these days. As Mike Souchak described it, "There are some fellows who can hit .300 in baseball every year, but you would never trade one of them for Mantle, who might hit the ball out of the park any time he comes up. It's the same in golf. The consistent guys will make a good living, but they're not going to play the great rounds that make you remember them."

There will be only a few genuine home run hitters on the tour this year. Perhaps one or two of them will be supplied by the talented younger generation.

END

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## 'We don't concede anything'

**With that motto and a genius for teaching defense, California's Pete Newell turns unknown players into champions**

PETE NEWELL, head basketball coach at the University of California, is an intense perfectionist. At the height of the season, he is in the depths. He looks for bobby pins on the street to bring luck, and his 6-foot 11½-inch frame shrinks from a trim 180 pounds to a wracked 165. His stomach is too turbulent to keep much food, and on the day of a game he keeps going on 20 cups of coffee and maybe two packs of cigarettes. During a game he allows himself the treat of chewing on wet towels set aside by the team manager. Once in a while, he will inadvertently take some salt into his system by biting into a towel that a player has used to mop his brow. "Basketball," says Newell, explaining the reason for his malaise, "is a game of mistakes, and the team making the fewer mistakes generally wins."

Despite his worry, or perhaps because of it, California rarely makes more mistakes than an opponent. In fact, California on the average makes only six ball-control errors a game compared with an opponent's 15, and since Newell figures control of the ball is worth about 1.5 points, that gives Cal a 14-point head start before the teams even take to the court.

As the result of such attention to detail, Newell, a relatively young coach (44), has been able to accomplish much with players of ordinary ability. While coaching at the University of San Francisco, his first major job, he surprised almost everyone, except himself and his unknown players, by winning the National Invitation Tournament. At Michigan State, he took a team that had won only four and lost 18 and, within the space of a year, had it holding its own in the Big Ten. His greatest accomplishment to date, however, has been at

Berkeley. He began coaching there in 1955, and since then California has won three Pacific Coast Conference titles and one National Collegiate Athletic Association championship. With only one loss in its first 13 games this year, California may be on its way to another national title.

To many Californians the NCAA victory last spring ranks as the university's greatest athletic achievement. Indeed, it was a truly remarkable team victory. Not one player on the team had been All-State or its equivalent in high school, and only one, Al Buch, the captain, had ever received any sort of outside recognition for his play in college. Buch made the West Coast NCAA squad, but at that he was tied in the voting for last place on the second team.

### LIFE AGAINST THE ODDS

Newell himself has long been given to looking at life as a battle against odds. He was born in Vancouver, B.C., on August 31, 1915, the youngest of eight children. "I was 13 before I knew there was anything but a neck to a chicken," he says. When he was a year old, his father, Peter Francis Newell Sr., an official of the Knights of Columbus, moved to Los Angeles where Mrs. Newell fell into the spirit of the place by pushing young Peter, or Junior, as he was then called, and his sister, Catherine, into motion pictures. Newell acted until he was 8. At the peak of his career, he had a featured role in the film version of Gene Stratton Porter's novel, *Michael O'Halloran*, and it is part of family legend that he and Jackie Coogan "went down to the wire" in Chaplin's casting of *The Kid*. In other epics, Junior, who looked like a plump little Lord Fauntleroy, appeared with Theda Bara and Pauline White and

once was directed by Eric Von Stroheim. Still, these were joyless years. Von Stroheim terrified him ("He looked just like one of those German generals who was going to devour all of us"), the hours were rigorous ("I have a vivid recollection of getting up at 5 in the morning to head for those bloody studios"; and, worst of all, he had to wear an appalling Dutch bob ("I probably had more fights than any other kid in my end of the city"). "He always had a dirty face and a baseball bat in his hand," Catherine recalls, "and the haircut just didn't go with it. All he wanted for his birthday was a haircut. So finally my mother had it cut when he was 8."

The hated locks shorn, Newell threw himself into athletics, began blackmailing Catherine for smoking on the sly and got himself a paper route. There he first showed aptitude for coaching. "He always had two or three kids to help him," Catherine says. "One folded, one delivered and Pete directed. He always managed to have people do what he wanted." He also had a bad temper and once had to be subdued with a hose after denting a car fender with a bat. The temper is still with him, though he has learned how to control it in recent years. "In golf," says an old friend, "he used to rival Tommy Bolt. There was no trying him down. The clubs would fly in one direction and the bag in another."

The Depression was on when Newell was graduated from high school, and since money was tight (his father had died when he was 13), he decided to go to sea. A relative got him appointed a cadet officer on the Dollar Line, and he made several trips to the Far East. He came home to wait for a round-the-world run, but his friends persuaded him to enroll at Loyola with them. He did, and he worked his way through driving a truck and playing softball for Safeway Stores.

As a basketball player at Loyola





A PERFECTIONIST WITH INDIGESTION, NEWELL CAN STILL RELAX BETWEEN GAMES

he came under the spell of Jimmy Needles, the coach. Needles, now a San Francisco advertising man, had coached the first U.S. Olympic basketball team, and he had many ideas about the game. The main one was tempo control, the art of throwing the opposing team off stride and forcing it into error by playing the game at a speed to which it was unaccustomed. In Newell and Phil Woolpert, who has since won two NCAA championships as Newell's successor at the University of San Francisco, Needles had two entranced pupils. "Pete was a very unusual defensive player," Needles says. "We changed him from forward to guard because of his leadership and meticulousness in carrying out assignments. He was a great team player, and he was a great one for analyzing the idiosyncrasies of an opponent."

#### THE TURN TO COACHING

Newell gave up a notion of entering the foreign service and decided to become a coach. "I tried to discourage him," Needles says. "I felt that he could be successful in anything, but coaching is such a draining activity, and I was a little concerned that this would take him away from the normal way of living as far as his temperament was concerned." But Newell persisted and, after spending a so-so season as an outfielder in the Dodger farm system, he began coaching basketball, baseball, football and track at St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles. Any qualms Needles may have had about Newell taking up coaching as a career vanished. Newell coached St. John's to two unbeaten seasons in all four sports.

Newell went into the Navy in 1942. On the way West to join a troop transport in the Pacific he stopped off to see Needles, who had become athletic business manager at USF. "Look me up when you get out," Needles said. "I'll have a job for you." Two years later, Newell did, and Needles made good on his promise. USF hired Newell to coach basketball, baseball and golf. "One reason I got the job," says Newell, "is that they went overboard on football and couldn't afford a first-class program all the way."

The first season at USF was a losing one, but the team was becoming

*continued*

a spoiler. One week it beat Utah, which went on to win the National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden, and Newell was elated. Then it lost to Regis in Denver, and Newell was so upset he wouldn't speak to the players on the long, two-day train ride home. In his second season USP started to win and by 1949 had captured the NIT crown. In 1950, after USP again played in the NIT (this time losing in the first round to the famous grand slam team from CCNY), Michigan State made Newell an offer. Feeling that he could learn a lot in the Big Ten, he accepted. In four years he succeeded in building the team up, but the midwestern winters were hard on his family, and when California offered him the job he took it.

At all three schools, Newell has used the same approach. Basically, he has a "for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost" philosophy. To begin with, he demands that his players be in peak physical condition. For the first two weeks, they do nothing but exercise in the gym and run the fatiguing hills behind Berkeley. "Sometimes we have to wear an opponent down," he says. "A player should be conditioned to play the last five minutes of a game, not just the first five."

In the gym Newell has ideas about everything, ranging from the position of the feet to the use of vision. "Practice habits are game habits," he says. "If individual habits are sound, team habits will be sound. We're constantly trying to minimize mistakes." In practice, for example, a player must shuffle with his knees flexed, one hand up, the other down, for 20 minutes at a time. This is the correct defensive posture. Any other way is wrong. The player shuffles because that allows him to slide with the man he's guarding. If he crossed his feet instead of shuffling, he might lose his balance. Knees are flexed because, as Rene Herrerias, Newell's astute assistant, explains, "You have to bend your knees anyway before you react. So be in that position. Why wait to get to it?"

The player must learn to dribble and pass with either hand. He must also be ambidextrous with his feet. "We do not," says Newell, "subscribe to the theory that because a boy is naturally right-footed, he should al-



ways have his right foot forward. When he is playing the ball, his inside foot, the foot closest to an imaginary line drawn between the baskets, should be extended. This permits him to better defend vulnerable areas where he cannot depend on defensive assistance from teammates. These vulnerable areas are the sidelines and the backline." In addition, the inside hand should be raised. "The hand should be in the shooter's face to disconcert him," Newell says. "The other arm should be extended almost parallel to the floor to deflect passes. We condition arm muscles so the arms can be held up over protracted lengths of time. In boxing, it is fatal to drop your hands, and the same is true in basketball."

#### TWO-SPEED PRACTICE

Practice games are run at fast and slow speeds. "We practice like this so we can accelerate or decelerate in a game," Newell says. "We want to use tempo as a weapon. We want to make the other team play the game we think we can play better than they can, and this we can do by making them play at a speed they're not used to. When we play a ball-control team, we try to force them into a faster tempo of play. They're like a guy who takes a certain amount of time each day to shave a certain way. One day he's five minutes late, so he has to hurry up, and he cuts himself. When we play a fast-breaking team, we try to slow down the tempo with ball control. The fast break itself we stop by pressure on the rebounder. If he has pressure on him, he can't throw. We also choke the outlet pass to the guard out to get the pass. And we don't retreat. A man-to-man aggressiveness is very important. We don't concede."

Newell's teams are at their best defensively. "There are certain nights when you are offensively," he says. "You'll have nights when you are offensively, too, but your offensive performance varies more. Also, the good defensive team seems to come up with an above-par performance defensively when its shooting is off. The players seem to realize that through increased defensive play they can offset a poor shooting performance and still win the game."

JERRY NEWELL follows national championship game against West Virginia with typical towel-chewing antics on bench.

"Man-to-man responsibilities are the dominant aspects of our basic defense. Along with this, we incorporate the press defense in various forms. We're usually in one form of a press throughout the game because it is important always to have pressure on the ball. Through our pressure, we are trying to increase an opponent's mistakes."

According to Newell's calculations, each lost ball is worth approximately 1.5 points. "The average college team scores on about 40% of its shots," he says. "For every 10 times they have the ball, they get 15 shots, and out of those 15, they get six baskets or 12 points. That puts the value of possession of the ball at 1.2. Adding the foul shots which the offensive team is more likely to get, that boosts the value of the ball maybe 3/10 of a point. So when we steal the ball or force an opponent into losing it, we have gained close to a point and a half toward the final outcome."

Since California doesn't lose the ball as often as an opponent does, that means that Cal can often beat a team with a higher shooting percentage. For example, last year Utah's Runnin' Redskins averaged 41% on 69 shots a game. Cal averaged 41% on 61 shots. When the two met, Utah hit 44% and Cal 46, but Cal won decisively 71-63, because Utah managed to get off only 43 shots against Cal's 74. California had forced Utah into too many ball-control errors.

Newell also has theories for holding down errors on the offense. "We want to get the shot opportunity in a good-percentage shooting zone," he says. "We're not concerned with driving all the way to the basket for the lay-up or cripple shot. We're content with a 10-foot shot. The more you drive into the basket, the more you risk losing the ball." To get to that 10-foot striking distance, Cal will play cat to the opponent's mouse. "We rely on execution," Newell says, harkening back to the practice drills. "If we feel that we can get the execution, we can get the shot, regardless of the defense." The team will vary its offensive weaves and patterns to work the ball in, but the bread-and-butter move has been reverse action. The players move the ball from side to side to unmask the defense in the basket area, and once

the defense is drawn out, Cal strikes. "It's a tough move to defense," Newell says. "I know we have trouble defending it."

Away from basketball, Newell is the devoted family man. He, his wife Florence, and their four sons live in a homey, two-story stucco house just across the line in Oakland. ("Taxes are lower," he explains.) He met Mrs. Newell, an attractive blonde, while he was coaching at St. John's. She had gone to see him twice when he played for Loyola, but she arrived late each time and he had already fouled out of the game. "He's very competitive," she says. "I'd like to add," he says, "that they only had four fouls in those days."

Newell likes to take it easy watching *Maverick* or reading detective stories. "If the cover looks sort of bloody and provocative, he'll read it," Mrs. Newell says. "Last year, he read a lot of books about the Mafia." Often though, Newell will slip into a trance; he's thinking about basketball. Sometimes he will snap out of it and concoct an elaborate practical joke.

#### THE BLEAK SIDE OF COACHING

But for all the jokes and all the fine points and all the success, there is the temptation for Newell to quit. "A coach is never really secure in his profession," he said recently. "You're not like a doctor. You're not like a lawyer. You can't let your 'practice' sustain itself. You're never any better than your last season or your last game, and any time you get smug, you'll go down quicker than you came up. You climb up one rung at a time, but you can go down all the way and not touch any. The team feels the way I do about a game, and if I ever took a game lightly the team would do the same thing. So, you prepare yourself mentally that each game you play is a real tough game. And each season you play is a real tough season. You can't allow yourself to relax. Every 15 minutes before a game, I wonder why I ever went into coaching. Eventually I'll have to get out. I don't want to be coaching when I'm 60. I don't feel that I could go through 16 more years of the tension that goes with each season." Newell took a breath and looked around the living room at his family. "Still I feel I have coaching years ahead of me," he said. "I still feel a number of years ahead of me."

END

FANATIC FLORENCE reacts to game with wife's display of support, dismay in the stands. California won close victory.





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

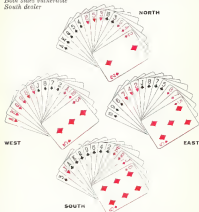
## The road to ruin

**W**ATERLOO for Napoleon, according to Victor Hugo's legend, might have meant glorious victory instead of total defeat if his maps had disclosed the gully that swallowed the flower of his cavalry—a sunken road meandering across the battlefield. The road broke the charge before it reached Wellington's famous squares.

As I see it, the major "accomplishment" of so-called scientific bidding is to insure that the opponents will know as much as possible about declarer's hand before they are called upon to mount their counterattack.

In the current deal, for example, South furnished a clear warning that should have served as a blueprint for the defense. The reason it failed was that apparently West did not know how to read a road map.

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	DOUBLE	1♠	PASS
3♠	3♥	3♠	PASS
4♥	PASS	5♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: heart king

East played the deuce of hearts on the first trick and South's jack warned of his singleton. Nevertheless, West continued by leading the queen of hearts and South ruffed. Declarer played the ace of trumps and when West

showed out, the play of the hand became an open book.

Dummy's club 10 was thrown under South's ace. Declarer then led a spade to dummy. After discarding his little diamond on a second round of spades, dummy's club 3 was led through East for a finesse against the jack. Picking up East's trumps, declarer showed his hand, conceding a trick to the ace of diamonds and chalking up the game and rubber.

West's defense was considerably less potent than it might have been though South had furnished West with a complete guide. Clearly, South must have a great club suit, proof against anything but the bad break which West knew about but which South could scarcely foresee until he had led one round of trumps.

A heart continuation was scarcely likely to embarrass the kind of trump suit South must hold. A diamond lead would be into the teeth of his bid suit. The situation cried for a shift to spades.

No matter what spades declarer held, a spade lead could not help him, but it might have the advantage of robbing dummy of a much-needed later entry.

That is exactly what would have happened. Dummy would win two high spades, permitting declarer to discard his little diamond. Then a trump would be led—and South, who had no reason to foresee the 4-0 distribution, would be entirely correct to play for the adverse trumps to fall in three leads.

Once he played a high card on the first trump lead, the contract would be gone beyond recall. With no way to get back to dummy, declarer would have to lose a trump in addition to a heart and a diamond.

That West did not come up with this killing defense was in no way to South's credit. He did everything he could to help the defenders when he bid four diamonds. Prospects of a good fit in that suit were quite remote once North failed to bid diamonds over South's bid of three clubs. Since his bid of four diamonds virtually forced a five-club declaration, South should have jumped directly to that destination, keeping the opponents as much as possible in the dark about his hand.

### EXTRA TRICK

A four-card suit will rarely be a better trump suit than a seven-carder unless partner can bid the shorter suit on his own. Furthermore, telling partner as much as possible about your hand can be called good bidding only when partner can make better use of the information than the opponents. So, when you choose your bids, make sure you aren't merely boasting of your strength in a fashion that will reveal your weaknesses. **END**

## OLYMPIC TRIALS

continued from page 17

runs the giant slalom and downhill, however, is something else. He looks fast and he is fast. Anyone who would like to know how Max Marolt arrives at the proper psychological peak for a great downhill race should ride with him sometime in a fast car around the hairpin turns of his Colorado mountain roads. Maybe skiing seems tame to Max after that. Anyway, he turned it on at Aspen.

In the giant slalom Marolt was timed in 1:35.8, just a shade better than Dave Gorsuch, a big, well-controlled skier from Climax, Colo., who, although barely 21 now, was a member of the 1958 U.S. team at the world championship meet at Bad Gastein, Austria. Almost two seconds behind these two were Corcoran and Marv Melville, at 24 another of the veterans. Corcoran, using a slightly shorter ski than the others, had a phenomenal run down the steep pitch making up the last half of the course, and his technique through the gates was the flashiest of the day. Later, however, he had to admit that he had out-guessed himself. "Those short skis were fine for the gates," he said, "but they cost me too much time on the long runout up there at the middle. I felt as though I were crawling."

On Friday, Marolt turned in the greatest run of his life. Because of the meager snow on the lower slopes of the mountain the downhill course had to be shortened; it was really a sort of expanded giant slalom. Still, it was tough and fast, with a couple of rugged turns and some wicked bumps, and with at least one spot where a skier felt he was shooting off the edge of the earth.

Down this run Marolt came like a homesick dive bomber. When he made the final sharp turn and went down the long pitch to the finish, everyone on the mountain knew he had seen a terrific race. The skiers who had completed their runs and were grouped around the finish line sent up a roar that seemed to shake the powder snow out of aspen trees halfway up the hill. The time was 1:39.5, and no one else was able to get within three seconds of that. Gorsuch again finished second, with young Gordy Eaton and Corcoran tied for third.

"I was a little disappointed after the slalom," said Beck. "Too many



THE U.S. ALPINE SKI TEAM: (in top row) Tom Corcoran, 28, Beaconsfield, Que.; Chuck Ferries, 30, Aspen, Colo.; Frank Brown, 22, McCall, Idaho; Jimmy Barrier, 19, Kalspell, Mont.; (second row) Gordy Eaton, 22, Littleton, N.H.; Dave Gorsuch, 21, Climax, Colo.; Marv Melville, 24, Salt Lake City; Max Marolt, 28, Aspen, Colo.; (third row) Rene Cox, 21, Port Leyden, N.Y.; Penny Pitou, 21, Lacolle, N.H.; Betsy Snite, 21, Norwich, Vt.; (bottom row) Beverly Anderson, 21, Mullan, Idaho; Linda Meyers, 22, Mammoth Lakes, Calif.; Joan Hannah, 20, Franconia, N.H.

finished too close together. I'd rather have seen somebody really take off and disappear. Same way with the giant slalom, although it was a little better. But I was real pleased with Max in the downhill."

"I don't know exactly how to explain it," said Marolt. "I've been skiing competitively a long time. Three trips to Europe, against all the good ones. Skied with Buddy Werner an awful lot. But now, suddenly, all the things I've been learning but didn't really know how to use seem to be fitting together. I can feel it. It feels pretty good, believe

me. We may surprise somebody yet."

So, the team which will represent the U.S. in the Alpine ski events at Squaw Valley has been picked. The team will travel during these next three weeks to Kitzbuhel, Austria and Mégeve, France and possibly Davos and St. Moritz in Switzerland, to compete in tune-up meets against the best that Europe has to offer. When these youngsters get to Squaw Valley next month they will be the most experienced, the sharpest, and almost certainly the best ski team that America has ever sent into Olympic competition.

END

# VICTORY IN THE DESERT

*When Tucson's Desert Museum was threatened by federal mining grants, 1,000 angry citizens joined forces to rout the Department of the Interior*

by JOHN O'REILLY

THE natural inclination of miners and mining companies, when confronted by a hunk of desert, is to dig in it. Until quite recently there has been very little disposition to restrain them, partly because most people have tended to think of a desert as an arid, lifeless waste. Now the desert has won a passel of defenders, thanks in large measure to a remarkable institution called the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, located in Tucson Mountain Park, 15 miles from the Arizona city.

The desert's new status was dramatized at Christmastime when the Department of the Interior rescinded a September order that would have opened 7,600 acres of the 27,840-acre park to mining operations. The reversal was the result of a two-day hearing, held in October, in which more than 1,000 persons, many of them educated to the values of desert life by the museum, roared disapproval.

That hearing will long stand as an example of how effective the voice of an aroused community can be. Sup-

porters of the integrity of their park crowded the hearing room in Tucson's Pioneer Hotel, eager to give testimony before Roger C. Ernst, Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Among them were representatives of a long list of organizations ranging from the chamber of commerce to the YWCA. There were those who came to speak for official bodies such as the Arizona State Parks Board and the Arizona Game and Fish Commission.

There were eloquent pleas by such men as C. B. Brown, the man who sparked the park idea in 1929, and Joseph Wood Krutch, the writer. There were fervent pleas by many private citizens, among them John Pupo, a former Pennsylvania coal miner who added that "there is a

SMILES COME TO CHILDREN AND ADULTS AS HAL GRAY, DESERT MUSEUM LECTURER, HOLDS OUT RING-TAILED CAT TO BE PETTED



special place in hell for those who won't get out and fight for what is theirs." Meanwhile the city's two newspapers, *The Arizona Daily Star* and the *Tucson Daily Citizen*, had joined in the battle to save the park, one of the rare times that they have gotten together on anything. Resolutions supporting the park were put into the record by all manner of civic organizations. National interest was demonstrated by letters and telegrams from persons in 26 states.

On the second day of the hearing, testimony in favor of the order was given by various representatives of the mining interests. There was a small minority which felt that possible large-scale mining would be more important to Tucson than the effect on the park.

One of the main reasons for the intense public interest in Tucson Mountain Park is the unique museum. In the midst of the giant saguaros, 15 miles to the west of Tucson, a group of dedicated enthusiasts has created a national institution. It is growing so fast they can hardly keep up with it. More than a million Americans, at a rate now in excess of 200,000 a year, have visited the museum—which really should be described by some other word. The place actually is a hybrid, displaying characteristics of a museum, a zoo, an aquarium and a botanical garden. Its exhibits are designed to interpret the life of the desert, both to home folks and tourists.

Many of the taboos of other institutions are missing at the Desert Museum. Visitors get into the spirit of the place when they read such signs as the one over the collection of geological specimens which reads, "If you are interested, please handle." Even the necessary restrictions are phrased differently. The family pup is put back in the car without protest when the owners read a sign saying, "No dogs allowed for obvious reasons." Local interest is so great that the museum, which displays living animals native to Arizona and the bordering Mexican state of Sonora, has had to buy only a handful of specimens. All the rest have been brought in proudly by the citizenry, who come toting everything from horned toads to wildcats.

Once a helicopter landed on the museum grounds and a couple of grinning GIs got out and presented to museum officials a box containing

continued



THOUSANDS COME TO TREAD DESERT MUSEUM TRAILS BENEATH ARMS OF GIANT CACTUS

three fine diamondback rattlesnakes. Earlier the museum had loaned the Corps of Engineers at Fort Huachuca some animals to use in their desert survival course. The engineers were repaying a favor with live rattlesnakes.

These are but a few of the reasons why the Desert Museum is expanding. Easterners who go there with a preconceived idea that the desert is a dreary place where wildlife is scarce soon change their minds. They discover the abundance of animals in the desert and they learn how they live. They see the many odd forms of flowering cactus and learn how plants and animals adjust their lives to the harshness brought about by heat and by water scarcity.

Furthermore, they absorb these things in the outdoors amid a genial atmosphere that reflects the attitude of the men who are building this oasis of learning in the desert. The motto of the museum might well be: "participate." Few persons are too old or too timid to get a lick out of tickling a young badger or petting a prairie dog. They can't even keep their hands off the cactus plants. A supply of tweezers is kept on hand for tourists who insist upon testing the efficiency of cactus spines.

The ingredients which transformed this stretch of desert hillside into a self-supporting institution were imagination, money, hard work and friendly cooperation. These ingredients began to boil soon after Arthur N. Pack and William H. Carr ran into each other at a meeting of the Pima County Park Commission. The meeting had been called to decide what to do about some decaying buildings in Tucson Mountain Park. Built with federal funds during the Depression, the buildings were little used and in need of repair.

Pack is a wealthy man who has long been interested in conservation. He and his father, the late Charles Lathrop Pack, founded the American Tree Association and the Pack Forestry Foundation. Years earlier Bill Carr, then on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, had built the Trailside Museum and Nature Trails at Bear Mountain, N.Y.

As a direct result of their meeting, Carr was soon out making a study of the park. As he wandered among the saguaros, penetrated rugged box canyons and climbed the cactus-studded

mountainsides, the thought came to him that this would be the place to build an outdoor museum interpreting the desert as he had interpreted the eastern woodlands at Bear Mountain. The Pima County Park Commission approved their plan, and in March 1952 the County Board of Supervisors turned over the old buildings. Construction got under way and several thousand visitors showed up when the museum was opened on Labor Day 1952. Since that day this mushroom in the desert has never ceased to grow. The 75¢ admission fee and funds from memberships are enough to pay operational costs, but members of the staff are always getting new ideas and Pack supplies the money to put them into effect.

**O**THERS have put up money for special projects. Contractors and construction firms have done excavating and building at cost. Something new is always being added. The most recent was a watershed demonstration project which tells visitors the vital story of Arizona's water problems. That casual meeting between Pack and Carr started a chain reaction that shows no sign of ending.



CREATORS of the Desert Museum, Arthur N. Pack (right) and William H. Carr, admire docility of pet ring-tailed cat.

This unabated enthusiasm was manifest from the moment Photographer Dick Meek and I entered Bill Carr's station wagon to drive out to the museum. We were soon traveling a paved road which wound through a gap in the mountains and descended into a broad forest of saguaro cactus. There were thousands upon thousands of them. They stood 20 to 40 feet tall, many on the floor of the valley and others seeming to march up the mountainsides.



GIANT SAGUARO CACTUS FOREST, THE MOST VIGOROUS STAND IN THE U.S., STRETCHES



Although austere plants of simple form, each saguaro had its own individuality. Some raised their thorn-studded arms in supplication. Some seemed to beckon. Some stood side by side, their curving arms indicating they were engaged in some sort of cactus communication. Others assumed comical postures and some appeared dejected. At their feet grew the thickly spined chollas and many other desert plants.

As we rode, Bill talked fast and loud. He told how the Gila woodpecker digs nesting holes in the saguaros, and then the cactus, in the process of healing the scar, builds a wall around the cavity which becomes like hardened latex. Twelve other species of birds nest in the old woodpecker holes, the woodpeckers obligingly building new ones each year. Some saguaros thus become desert apartment houses.

"That's the sort of thing we're trying to interpret for people at the museum," Bill said. "Just to display animals and plants is not enough. Their functions and their relationships have to be explained. That's what we're here for."

Passing through the gate we stood

on a broad patio beyond which the saguaros spread down the slope and into another valley. The view alone was worth the trip. Six mountain ranges were in sight, the most distant purple peaks standing in Mexico, 60 miles away. Just across the patio were the winding botanical trails, the bird cages, the mammal dens and the visitors. In this place visitors are always doing something as well as looking. They lift hinged labels to find answers to their questions. They turn other triangular labels to read new chapters in the story of some strange plant. They pull handles, push buttons and turn on lights to see and hear new things.

Were no sooner inside the museum grounds than it became obvious that Bill's enthusiasm was shared by his staff. William H. Woodin, who succeeded Carr as director in 1954, took us through his fine reptile collection. Lewis Wayne Walker, the associate director, showed the wheel-shaped bird cages he had designed. They are constructed so the birds can seek out air-conditioned areas during the heat of the desert day. Walker also took us outside the museum grounds to one of the fanciest wildlife photographic blinds ever built. Overlooking a desert waterhole, it was equipped with all manner of lights, wall-to-wall carpet and gadgets galore. Persons taking out a \$10 membership in the museum have the privilege of using this blind. Thousands of pictures of desert animals have been taken there.

Everywhere we went staff members were eager to explain their ideas on new ways to bring the desert story to young and old. At one point we went back to the patio for a "demonstration." It turned out to be Hal Griss with a lot of young animals. Griss is the museum's Pied Piper. In a station wagon called The Desert Ark, he travels all over the state with live young animals which he shows to school children and other groups.

A crowd of children sat on the floor in front of him while their parents stood close behind. Hal hauled out a skunk, a badger, a ring-tailed cat and other young critters which he discussed and permitted the youngsters to handle. The demonstration over, we left the kids to pet the animals and went to see the saguaro exhibit.

Here the life and times of this

continued

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AWAY FROM MUSEUM IN ALL DIRECTIONS

mighty cactus, the largest in the U.S., were explained with living specimens, diagrams and murals. Their growth rate was shown. There were samples of the woodpecker nests Bill had described. We learned that in times of rain their fluted sides expand like an accordion to absorb water and then fold up again during dry periods. By pulling a handle I lifted a board on the ground which disclosed one of their massive roots. When it rains these big roots send out thousands of tiny rootlets in search of moisture.

NEXT we went down into a hole in the ground. This particular hole is the pride of the staff. Another Carr idea, it is a tunnel 158 feet long, 12 feet wide and 9 feet high. Inside the tunnel, visitors peered through windows to see badgers, prairie dogs and other live mammals snug in their burrows. When one section of the railing is pressed the lights go up to reveal the interior of a bat cave, with live bats hanging in their customary head-down fashion. Some visitors remarked on how lucky they were to have a bat cave right on the premises. Lucky, my eye! Lew Walker and his crew built this bat cave from scratch, casting rock surfaces and every detail in a replica of a real cave.

They found that sudden or prolonged lights made the bats nervous, so the lights come up gradually, give the visitors a good look and then can't be turned on again for two minutes. This arrangement doesn't seem to bother the sleeping bats. On one side of the tunnel visitors see the lengthy root systems of desert plants and by peering through periscopes they can see the plants growing in the sunlight above.

The Arizona-Sonoran Desert Museum is the hub and focal point in this desert and mountain recreation area. It represents the talent, time and money of many citizens of this fast-growing western city. They take great pride in it, and it was not surprising that so many rose up to defend it against encroachment. To all those who worked to create it, the Interior Department's decision to revoke the mining order made for a happier Christmas. There is now under way a movement to get Tucson Mountain Park included in the National Park System as a further protection of its integrity.

END



CHILDREN HANG ON CAGE IN FASCINATION, WATCHING THE ACTS OF WESTERN CREBE

## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Sirs:

How any sane observer of the world of sport could select Ingemar Johansson as the Sportsman of the Year (SI, Jan. 4) is far removed from my comprehension. Undoubtedly, he has a terrific right-handed punch, but Mr. Floyd Patterson gave vivid testimony to this some seven months ago. My suggestion to you would be that a representative committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution could probably come up with a better selection for this coveted award.

Your article entitled *A Bare Watcher's* Guide by Stephen Birmingham was exceptionally well done.

HOWARD E. MOHR

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Your choice was a fine one. And your recognition of the men and women who were outstanding in their particular fields this past year was excellent.

STELLA STEPHANOFF

Brownsville, Pa.

Sirs:

Why don't you have a representative from college basketball in your annual Sportsman of the Year article? You have a representative from college football, and it seems to me that basketball is as important and popular as football.

ROGER HOVER

Deposit, N.Y.

• Our nominee would have been Pete Newell (see page 44).—ED.

Sirs:

I was shocked to find that Tommy Kono, our present world middleweight weight-lifting champion, was not even mentioned. Here is a young man who has won about every medal and trophy in his chosen sport that he can. He won this year's senior nationals at York, Pa. and was again a champion at the Pan American Games and most recently in the world championships in Warsaw, Poland. Practically every athlete trains at some time or other with weight-resistance exercises.

RICHARD GATELY

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs:

In your fine tribute to Sportsman of the Year Ingemar Johansson you said, "He has made a movie, too, which will enhance his personal appeal."

The movie, *All the Young Men*, in which Ingo will be seen with such film pros as Alan Ladd and Sidney Pollier, may do more than that. Upon its completion, Producer-Director Hall Bartlett

said, "He's a natural actor. Sincere, charming and disarming. He's a pro."

MARTIN BLAU

Columbia Pictures

New York City



OF INGMAR

## MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Sirs:

Friends from all over the country have expressed interest in your EVENTS & DISCOVERIES report on a state dog for Pennsylvania, which mentioned me as a booster (SI, Nov. 9).

I thought other readers also might like to know this move is part of a nationwide one suggested by the magazine *Our Dumb Animals* in the late 1940s, the idea being to pay tribute to the many valuable services performed by all dogs for man.

According to a 1949 letter from the governor's office in Maryland, Governor William Preston Lane Jr. officially designated the Chesapeake Bay retriever for that state. Later I read another state had chosen the Brittany spaniel, and similar bills had been introduced in the legislatures of several others. Based on some particular connection with the state or its founders, rather than on popularity, which is a sometime thing, suggestions have included: the Boston terrier for Massachusetts, Chinook for Maine, foxhound for Virginia, beagle for Georgia, Chihuahua for Texas, dachshund for Wisconsin and collie for Wyoming.

Owners of all breeds throughout Pennsylvania who have fostered the great Dame as our state dog see nothing silly in honoring man's best friend in the manner already accomplished for tree, bird, flower and wild animal!

ROSALIE PEIKSOL

Swarthmore, Pa.

## YEAR-END ISSUE: COMPETITIVE SPIRIT

Sirs:

I guess we are all mightily pleased that our old buddy, Pug Lund, made your Silver Anniversary team (SI, Dec. 21).

The three football players of 25 years ago mentioned in your writeup of Lund are all quite old friends of mine and, speaking of success, maybe we could update your report of the Minnesota-Pitt game of 1934 as follows:

"Insurance executive Lund took a lateral from Vice-President Glenn Seidel (Minneapolis-Honeywell) on a razzle-dazzle play and fired 18 yards to Dr. Bob Tenner (prominent Minneapolis surgeon), who crashed into the end zone."

Many times George Svendsen, who also played on the same ball club, has commented that there was never one dud, be it either in a professional or business way, on this 1934 squad. Nobody, so far in these 25 years, has gone wrong, and each man is most successful.

One small note and I will quit horing you. Do you know the story of that missing little finger, left hand, shown in the picture of Pug?

J. RAYMOND NELSON

Minneapolis

• Francis (Pug) Lund, "a fierce competitor who could do everything," found his left little finger, crippled from repeated breaks in football play, interfered with his ball handling, had it amputated before the 1934 season.—ED.

## YEAR-END ISSUE: RODEO

SIRS:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED HAS EARNED ITSELF EVEN MORE DISTINCTION WITH ANOTHER SIGNIFICANT REPORTING FEAT. YOUR ARTICLE ON HOW TO WATCH A RODEO (SI, Dec. 21) IS THE clearest and most complete explanation of the standard events of the cowboy sport ever to appear in print. From the contentants, a sincere "THANKS" AND A FERVENT "WELL DONE!"

LEA CONNELLY

Secretary-Treasurer,

Rodeo Cowboys Association, Inc.  
Denver

## YEAR-END ISSUE: 25 YEARS AGO

Sirs:

In your Silver Anniversary All-America article (SI, Dec. 21) you show a picture entitled "Glenn Cunningham in starting 4 86.7 at Princeton for a world record."

The time and the place are right, but the winner of this famous mile race was

continued

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## **19TH HOLE** continued

Jack Lovelock of New Zealand, with  
Princeton's great Bill Bonthron a bare  
9/10 second behind, also under the  
then-existing world record. The occasion  
was the Oxford-Cambridge vs. Princeton-  
Cornell meet, and Cunningham was  
not a competitor that day.

WILLIAM F. MANN

Dedham, Mass.

● Reader Mann is wrong. The Prince-  
ton mile race which Jack Lovelock  
won (in 4:07.6) took place in 1933,  
one year earlier.—ED.

## **YEAR-END ISSUE: THE BABE**

Sirs:

In reading the feature on Babe Ruth  
(*The Babe Ruth Papers*, 81, Dec. 21), I  
noticed a check that was reproduced,  
dated May 31, and the cancellation mark  
by the bank from which it was paid was  
dated May 29. Can you tell me how this  
is possible?

ERNEST RUSSO

New York City

● The check was dated May 31 by  
Colonel Ruppert. The Chemical Na-  
tional Bank stamp on the back shows  
it was cashed by Ruth on June 2. But  
the perforated date on the check is  
an error, probably because May 30,  
Memorial Day, fell on a Friday in  
1930 and someone forgot to change  
the machine after the long weekend.

Incidentally, a retired officer of  
the Yorkville branch, Manufacturers  
Trust Company recalls that Colonel  
Ruppert occasionally borrowed the  
bank's board room for contract discus-  
sions with Ruth in the belief that  
the dignified surroundings would have  
a soothing effect on the Babe.—ED.

Sirs:

The article covering the Babe was fine,  
as well as the photographs. I was just  
wondering, though, why no coverage was  
included of Christy. I can't recall his first  
name or initials. This fellow, however,  
was a powerful influence in the Babe's  
life, in his financial affairs and other per-  
sonal matters as well.

CLARENCE F. WOODBURY

Indianapolis

● Reader Woodbury is no doubt  
thinking of Christy Walsh, sports-  
writer and promoter, who as his friend  
and manager did indeed watch over  
Ruth and saw to it that he did not  
spend his every cent, as the Babe was  
inclined to do.—ED.

## **SPORT NOTES**

Sirs:

I was entertained and much amused by  
Deems Taylor's article *Sport for Art's*  
*Sake* (81, Dec. 14). Since it was ob-  
viously intended as humor, Mr. Taylor  
perhaps be pardoned for stretching facts  
a little. For instance, in *Tristan and Isolde*



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we do know exactly why King Marke's night hunt was organized, even if we are not told what the supposed quarry was. Wolves, perhaps? The real quarry, of course, was Tristan and Isolde. Mr. Taylor also remarks that in *William Tell*, when Gessler asks Tell why he had the second arrow, if Tell had any sense he would reply, "Oh, just a spare," or something like that. But that answer wouldn't have done him a bit of good. In Schiller's play of *William Tell*, on which the opera is based, Tell does give substantially that answer. He says, "It is a custom with all archers." But Gessler doesn't fall for it. In the play the arrow does not drop from Tell's coat; Gessler notices that he has hidden it there before the apple shot takes place. And he says to Tell that he will not be put off with that specious answer; he must give him the truth, and he guarantees that Tell's life will be safe whatever that truth may be. But Gessler condemns Tell to a dungeon when he learns it.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL

Berkeley, Calif.

#### PRO FOOTBALL: COOPERATIVE DRAFT

Sirs:

I am writing in regard to the new American Football League that is being formed and am wondering why the AFL and the NFL cannot cooperate with each other concerning the drafting of players.

Although competition is considered good in most fields, I feel that in this case it will hurt the quality of football. By both leagues drafting the same players, one of the leagues will gain and the other will lose, usually depending on which one has the most money. The only sure way of making money in football is to have a winning football team. To get a winning football team one has to get good players and to get good players one has to go to the draft.

I'm all for expansion—but within procedures set up by one football body. In this way one league would not gain superiority over the other. Each team would take its turn in drafting a player no other team in either league could touch, according to rules set up by the NFL and AFL jointly. There would be greater equality in each league. Each league would improve without the other suffering to any great extent. In other words, the over-all quality of football rivalry would be what it now is in the NFL alone. Don't you agree?

CORBIN M. WRIGHT

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

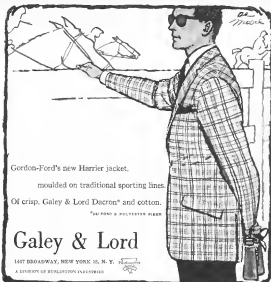
#### SKIING: NEW TERRAIN

Sirs:

Congratulations on the articles by Willy Schaeffler and Mort Lund on *Springskredels* (SI, Nov. 30 and Dec. 7). Naturally I was pleased to receive mention as author of the system presented to U.S. skiers modified and extended by Mr. Schaeffler. Schaeffler's modifications were instructive for me, too. You have opened new terrain in the world of ski instruction. I have only one amendment: I am currently teaching at Mad River Glen, rather than at Sugarbush as stated.

MIKE HUPPER

Waitsfield, Vt.



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## Pat on the Back



**TOBY GREENE**

### 'Don't go in for frills'

In 1923 Steve Owen, then a massive tackle on the Phillips University (Okla.) football team, played next to a scrawny 150-pound end named Theodore L. Wood Greene. "Toby takes care of me," the future coach of the New York Giants liked to say of his teammate. And as it turned out, Toby Greene was to spend a lifetime "taking care" of athletes.

He started coaching baseball at Sayre (Okla.) High School in 1924, moved eventually to Oklahoma State University, where since 1942 his teams have ranked among the nation's best. "When we hit that ball field we're

there for business," he'd tell his boys. His winning philosophy: "Stress the basic stuff. Don't go in for frills." Yet he taught more than a game. "You don't serve any purpose if all they learn is baseball," he says. "I try to teach them to be men." His players must approve. They often come back to visit him. Last year's OSU team ("more heart than talent") won the collegiate world series. "They made an old man mighty happy," admitted Toby. Even happier last week, he was honored by the American Association of Collegiate Baseball Coaches as Coach of the Year.

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